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iREVOLUTION!



Ben Bailey
Editor

Relations between Lonsdale College JCR and LUSU took another turn for the worse last week after LUSU Finance and General Purposes Committee (F&GP) threw out their proposal to affiliate to Cuba Nightclub. Lonsdale Presidents Sebastian Negreira and Cross Al Duham, put forward the application to the Committee hoping to effectively continue running the Friday night 'Sorted after party'.

The application was rejected due to unfeasible and illegal demands. All concerns raised surrounding Cuba have been addressed at F&GP, a committee which Lonsdale has Presidential representation on, but has failed to fulfill their role.

The Cuba night first came into being in January, when the Lonsdale Presidents approached LUSU President and General Secretary, Sooz Palmer and Graeme Poulton concerning their financial situation.

Lonsdale JCR Exec of 2006 lost £3,500 on their

Christmas Ball due to un-budgeted and un-authorised overspend. It was decided that a fund raising social would be permitted until Lonsdale JCR had recouped their deficit. It was also agreed that the night would cease at the end of the Lent term.

Concerns were first raised by F&GP on the potential long-term effects of this deal and how it was operating outside of the usual parameters for a JCR. A meeting was held between Lonsdale JCR and LUSU in which the Union was reassured that arrangements with Cuba were temporary. Financial irregularities became apparent when the Union's Finance Office discovered that door takings did not match Lonsdale's ticket sales and the event thus became un-auditable, breaching the legal requirements set out for a charitable organisation such as LUSU.

The Cuba night continued, but due to issues of trust and accountability Lonsdale were no longer allowed financial responsibility for the social. F&GP took further steps to restrict Lonsdale's financial activity by returning Presidential budgeting powers to the Union.

Due to lack of cooperation the Union was left with no option other than to move the Cuba/Lonsdale

night into central control, but took action to ensure that the night could continue and that Lonsdale would remain the central point for cheaper entry and buses. Monies raised through this will be distributed to JCRs in a method decided by F&GP.

To make matters worse, further financial instability was noted through issues surrounding Lonsdale College's Extrav. Budgeting, failure to attend meetings and a lack of compliance with the rules surrounding Extravs, saw Lonsdale JCR go massively over-budget as they forecast to spend £4,500 on their event - creating an over-spend of £1,500. Alongside this, Lonsdale, whose extrav is scheduled for Thursday 28th June, intended to host a headline DJ the day before to directly compete with Fylde, Grizedale and Pendle's Extravs.

Incidentally, the reality of continuing the Cuba event has the potential to reduce the Union's income by up to £80,000 per annum. This would result in a reduction in student services including JCRs/GSA funding, the advice centre, societies, the Athletic Union, as well as LUSU officer budgets and SCAN.

For more information on this issue, there is an Emergency General Meeting on Monday 18th June at 6pm in Faraday Lecture Theatre.

SCAN

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Lancaster's Parkinson's Disease Discovery

Rebecca Rieley

Deputy News Editor

Lancaster University scientists are on the verge of initiating the first ever blood test for Parkinson's Disease and their research achievements have attracted the attention of the Medical Research Council who have granted them £396,000 to explore their findings further.

The researchers have discovered that the protein that accumulates in the parts of the brain affected by Parkinson's Disease (PD) can also be detected in the blood. The scientists have noted that the levels of this protein, called alpha-synuclein, seem to be altered in the blood stream of those affected by the disease. At the present time there is no diagnostic test that can support clinical tests that are just based on clinical histories and looking for evidence of key symptoms, such as tremors of the hands, muscle rigidity and slowness of movement. Such clinical diagnosis is commonly misguided as PD is only one of several neurological movement disorders.

Following the Medical Research Council's grant, Prof. David Allsop, of Lancaster University's Department of Biology, is to lead a team of researchers to carry out extensive studies to determine if alpha-synuclein protein in human blood is useful as a diagnostic marker for PD. Prof. Allsop told SCAN that the potential blood test, "could be useful in the early diagnosis of the disease, and it could be used to monitor the clinical progression of the disease in already-diagnosed patients".



He also expressed the team's hopes to, "develop a diagnostic test that will allow the disease to be picked up early on, before clear clinical symptoms develop. This would inevitably lead to more effective treatment".

Prof. Allsop and the team are also looking to the future possibility that their work "might enable new drugs for patients with Parkinson's Disease to be tested more quickly and effectively than at present".

Their ambitions are shared by Zyentia who are funding an £860,000 drug trial in correspondence

with this project. Zyentia, a company who aim to innovate therapeutics and medicines for degenerative conditions, is currently developing new drugs aimed at preventing the degeneration and loss of brain nerve cells in PD: drugs that could potentially slow down and even stop the development of the disease.

The research is to be led from Lancaster but will also be conducted in Manchester and Preston and, with the disease affecting approximately 120,000 people in the UK, the results of this project will be eagerly awaited by the public as well as those in the medical profession.

Medical School Proposal Supported

Rebecca Rieley

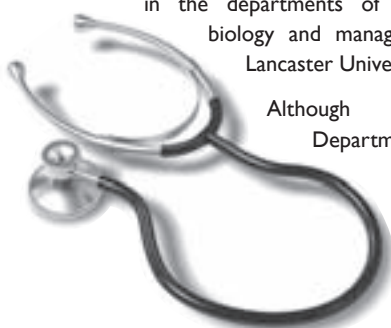
Deputy News Editor

The Health and Medicine Group's proposal to develop medical education and form the Lancaster Medical School, has been welcomed and supported by the May Senate.

The proposal outlined the Group's intentions to bring together Medicine, Health Research and Biomedicine into a separate school and become the independent Lancaster Medical School. At present, there exists the Centre for Medical Education which is the co-ordinating unit for all medical and health related activity across Lancaster University but many educators and researchers here at Lancaster believe that this needs to be developed and expanded.

The proposal that was presented to the Senate was an accumulation of regular monthly meetings between some of the leading doctors and professors in the departments of medicine, biology and management at Lancaster University.

Although the Department of



Medicine is currently a collaborative venture with the University of Liverpool, UCLan, St. Martin's College and the University Hospitals of Morecambe Bay NHS Trust, and was only established in 2006, group members are keen to push forward and develop this area of learning. Prof. Anne Garden, the Director of the Centre of Medical Education at Lancaster University, told SCAN, "It was always envisaged that the setting up of the Centre for Medical Education and then the Department of Medicine would only be the first steps in this area for Lancaster.

"The only question was how quickly all this would happen. It seems to me that there was much more to be gained by moving quickly rather than going much more slowly and possibly missing opportunities."

Profs Garden and Trevor McMillan, the Pro Vice-Chancellor for Research, fully support the proposal and are part of the Health and Medicine Group who issued a 'Discussion Paper' earlier this year which first proposed the formation of the Lancaster Medical School.

The May Senate was attended by the Vice Chancellor, College Principals, Heads of Departments, Deans of Faculty Boards as well as LUSU President, Sooz Palmer and Education and Welfare Officer, Becky Heard.

Senate ultimately had the power to dismiss or support the Health and Medicine Group's objectives even though the University Management Advisory Group (UMAG) agreed "to

welcome the proposal that the University establish a new School of Health and Medicine", in March earlier this year.

But, as Prof. McMillan informed SCAN, "The Senate strongly supported the principle of forming the School so that work is taking place to consider the details that Senate will need in the autumn." A consultation group was also formed to monitor and discuss the developments of the new School.

Prof. McMillan believes that the establishment of a separate School would not only display Lancaster University's commitment to medicine but it would also "provide real opportunities for interactions, collaborations and new initiatives that might otherwise struggle", as well as being "an important point of contact for the NHS which is important for research, training and the employment of our students".

The Senate appear to have shared Prof. Garden's view that the separate School "is a tremendous opportunity for Lancaster University to develop in this area and build up new programmes of teaching and research" but quite when the School is going to be established is yet to be determined.

Going by the Group's 'Discussion Paper' that was released earlier this year, Lancaster University may soon be host to the reality of this Group's aim which is, "Within three to five years to have established Lancaster University as a leading centre of excellence in research and teaching in health and medicine in the UK".

Campus News

Giraffes Spotted in Fylde

SCAN's social correspondent spotted a couple of these exotic creatures in Fylde Bar recently. They are very sociable and especially like three or four friends to keep them company. They get on well with students! College Principal Frank Wareing wasn't quite sure how they had got to this part of campus, but thought that now Exams were over, students might want to relax and get to know them.

The giraffes, which are in fact (the greatest invention known to man) three-foot high, portable drinking contraptions that hold six pints and can be taken to

your table for your drinking pleasure.

Fylde Bar licensee Dave Orr said: "I think it's an interesting concept! The aim's to provide social drinking, so students can come down in small groups and enjoy a giraffe with their mates." Get down to Fylde bar and have a go!

Ben Bailey

Campus Chlamydia

Two weeks ago, Bowland SCR played host to free Chlamydia testing. The open clinic was an initiative by the Blackpool Primary Care Trust and on the day was organised by the Nurses Unit in conjunction with LUSU Education and Welfare Officer Becky Heard.

The clinic lasted two days in which time 126 students took the free test for Chlamydia. Students also received free condoms and sexual advice. The initiative marks the start of a free clinic running from the Nurses Unit next term that will hopefully combat Chlamydia - an infection which one in ten young people have - on campus.

Becky Heard told SCAN: "The clinic was a great success. Chlamydia often causes serious long term complications such as infertility, but can have no symptoms. It is therefore incredibly important to take the free urine test. It is easily treated with a course of antibiotics which are provided for free.

"If you missed the test please head down to your local GUM Clinic in Lancaster. Information is available discreetly from the LUSU Advice Centre."

Ben Bailey

Art Exhibition

The Peter Scott Gallery is exhibiting work by Lancaster's very own talented final year Fine Art students for a week from 20th June. The degree show this year, called 'Going Open Kimono' contains both traditional and experimental work and visitors to the gallery can also view studio work, allowing the chance to see the work in development and in context. Some of the work is available for sale.

Admission to the exhibition show is free. The Peter Scott Gallery is situated on Lancaster University campus, near County Bar. The gallery is open 20-27 June: Monday - Saturday 11am-4pm or take advantage of the extended opening hours on Thursday 21 June, (11am-9pm).

Hannah Cornforth

Student Wins National Award

A Lancaster student has won the prestigious National Association of Adult Continuing Education Student of the Year Award for the North West.

Michael McGrath, 64, has been enrolled with the University's Department of Continuing Education since 1994, in which time he has taken a great many courses - a factor which aided the department in

their decision to nominate him.

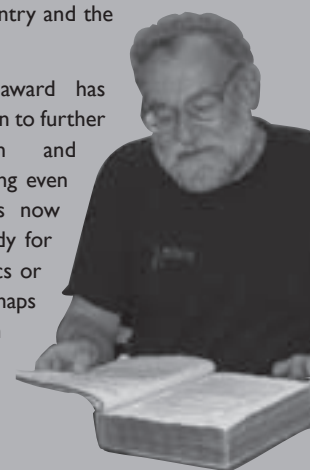
When asked to comment on Mr. McGrath's success, Assistant Director of Continuing Education Lucy Lloyd said, "We're absolutely delighted to hear of Michael's success as it is so well-deserved. While he clearly gets a lot out of the classes, his tutors say that he is also a great contributor to the discussions".

Michael, from Blackpool, attends his courses weekly and often studies on weekends too.

Some of the courses he has taken in the past range from Russian-from beginners to advanced- to History, Politics, Archaeology and Music, and it is such a variety of courses which contributed to Mr. McGrath winning the award.

Despite suffering from ill health, Michael says that his passion for learning enables him to enhance his physical and spiritual well-being and claims that adult learning, "Is beneficial to the individual, society, the country and the wider world".

Winning the award has urged Michael on to further his education and continue studying even more, as he is now planning to study for an MA in Politics or Linguistics, perhaps even a foreign language.



Race for the prize

Russell Crow

It is a little known fact that Lancaster University produces high performance racing cars. This year, seven students studying for their Masters in Engineering have done just that: produced a high-performance, single-seater racing car in only eight months, whilst studying for their degrees.

This has been no mean feat, but the sense of achievement we felt when testing the car for the first time was amazing. The vehicle has been designed from the ground-up in 3D on computer, with each component subjected to rigorous simulation to ensure strength and reliability.

Each team member looks after a specific section of the car. The chassis has been designed by Phil Hodgkinson and John Wilkinson, the suspension by Mark Davies

and Tom Sproston, whilst Stevie Butler, Russell Crow and

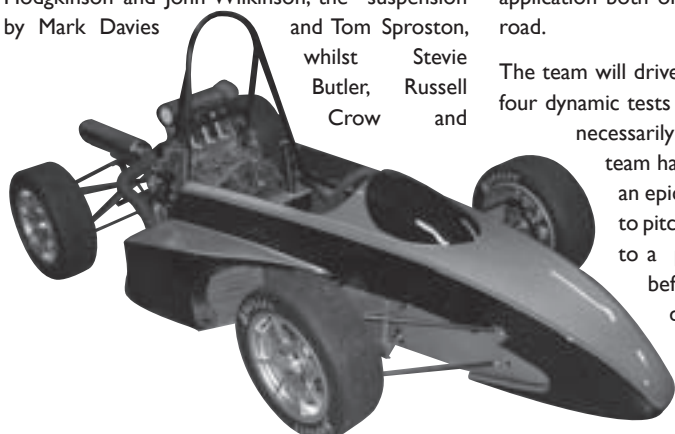
Tom Twigger are responsible for the engine and transmission.

The car has been entered into the annual Formula Student event, (Silverstone 12th-15th July), access to the event is free and supporters are more than welcome to attend. Approximately 110 teams have entered the event this year, with students representing the top flight of engineering undergraduates from all over the globe.

The racing car project is the reason that all of the team members came to study at Lancaster in the first place, and I think it is this enthusiasm for the project which has driven all of us to work around the clock to get the car completed. We have been particularly fortunate to have some fantastic companies sponsoring us, without their help we could not have completed the vehicle. The car is powered by an engine from a Honda CBR 600 motorbike, which has been tuned for its new application both on a dynamometer and a rolling road.

The team will drive the car themselves during the four dynamic tests at the competition, but it isn't necessarily the fastest car which wins. The team have had to cost the entire car in an epic 400 page report, and will have to pitch the car in a Dragon's Den style to a panel of potential stakeholders before justifying the engineering design of the vehicle.

The team website can be accessed at www.lancs.ac.uk/fas/projects/racing



Local Editors leave

Will Veitch
Assistant Editor

It is with a heavy heart that I must report on the demise of Editor of SCAN Benedict Bailey. He's not dead of course, he's merely finished his year in office and moving on to smaller and worse things.

Many of you will have known him as Ben, some of you as Bailey, a few as Ben Baby, fewer still as Benedict, and probably none of you as Mr Bailey, except perhaps in a sarcastic way.

Mr. Bailey has had some highs - I hear he still discusses the merits of his *Thrice* review in SCAN music some time ago. He has also had his lows- 'Local Man Elected' anybody? I mean, the gentleman elected wasn't even a member of the University!

In all seriousness though, I will look back on Mr. Bailey's year in charge with fond admiration. People said

that Jude D'Souza was an Editor with an eye for design but I think SCAN has never looked better than it has this year.

He also ran a tight ship as far as the editorial team are concerned - every section has improved during the year and I think Lancaster University has a paper it can be very proud of. So, good luck Joe Beech, SCAN Editor-elect, I am sure you will continue to produce a student newspaper of quality.

But for now let us toast Mr. Bailey and the fantastic job he has done for SCAN this year! Hip hip hooray!

P.S. He had no idea I was writing this until just before it went to print and had already promised me the space!!

Thanks for your support Lancaster. We shall both miss you.

Editor's note: I had nothing to do with this.



The Interview: Hilary Benn

Fraser Welsh chats to the Labour Deputy Leader candidate

Furness TV Room. Mid-afternoon. A dozen Labour Club members huddle around a laptop, eagerly awaiting an online conversation with one of the six candidates for the deputy leadership of the party.

Hilary Benn, the current Secretary of State for International Development and son of former MP, Tony Benn, is the bookies' favourite to win. He's regarded as something of a safe-bet for the job being not particularly out-spoken with policies including re-engaging with the Unions, taking charitable status away from private schools and "restoring the trust in politics".

To us he is a vaguely recognisable blur on a laptop screen.

"I remember when I was last in Lancaster," he reminisces, "It was during the 2001 election campaign and it was raining (definitely Lancaster). I stood on the steps of the square with a mega-phone, broadcasting to the students and we got our own little meeting going..."

Nostalgia is soon put aside as we get to the serious business of discussing his politics and priorities. After all, he's got votes to win.

FW: Currently, we've got something in the region of 1,000 members a week joining the party due to the publicity over the change in leadership. How are we going to keep them involved?

HB: Firstly, it depends on how people find the party when they join; we should be living and breathing politics. We should be organised in such a way that makes people want to get involved and celebrate the contribution such people can make.

Secondly, people need to feel like they have a stake in the party, we should therefore be talking to the party. I'd like to see more use made of the national policy forum and to give constituency parties the opportunity to send in a yearly statement which could be published on the web or in booklets.

Also, we should avoid thinking of a quick-fix to party membership issues; it is ideas, beliefs, passions, causes and things not yet done which bring people together.

Look at Make Poverty History and other such campaigns, they have no trouble recruiting for their cause, because people feel strongly about them. We need to retain the attitude that just because we're in government doesn't mean we should stop campaigning as a party.

FW: Although there have been significant increases in benefits to low-earners over the past ten years there's still a widening gap between rich and poor. Do you think inequality matters?

HB: Does inequality matter? You bet it matters. The gap between rich and poor is the single biggest issue in my constituency. Though I am very proud of the fact that over the last ten years it has been the poorest in society who've seen the biggest rise in income, that just goes to show the difference a Labour government has made and contrasts strongly with what the Tories did which was encourage inequality.

I believe that the Labour Government has a responsibility to bury inequality. In terms of how we tackle the issue I think we need to get another 600,000 children out of poverty, and we need to do it faster than we did with the last 600,000.

We need to support communities and families, by for instance expanding the SureStart scheme, and we need to continue investing in education, which is second only to the support of a family in giving a child a good start in life, giving them the self-confidence and aspiration to do other things. That is why everyone should have the right to attend a good school and we need such good schools everywhere.

In addition, I believe we should support the trade union movement, which is important in making sure people have access to their rights and enforce the legislation the government passes. For example, we have a minimum wage, but not everyone pays it and it is clear



"I remember when I was last in Lancaster during the 2001 election campaign. It was raining [definitely Lancaster] I stood on the steps of the square with a mega-phone, broadcasting to students." Nostalgia put aside, we get to the serious business of discussing politics. After all, he's got votes to win.

that unionised workplaces have both better rates of pay and higher standards of health and safety.

FW: But what about very high earners, shouldn't we be taxing them more?

HB: Well first off you must remember that very high earners are taxed at a rate of 40%. That 40% is money which can, and has, been invested in health, education and so forth. The same is true of city bonuses, an issue raised recently by Peter Hain.

We should, therefore, acknowledge the contributions such people make to society through the medium of taxation. Furthermore we need to say to these people how lucky they've been, and how they should contribute because of that good fortune. It's not all about taxation, there is a moral argument there as well.

FW: Do you believe that general taxation has a role to play?

HB: Of course it has a role to play. But I didn't join the Labour Party because of a firm belief in a particular level of taxation, tax levels are not an act of faith in that regard.

I also firmly believe that we should keep our promises when it comes to taxation, after all, it's such buoyancy that has enabled us to maintain our broad coalition, stay in government and win three successive general elections.

Other factors are important such as those I outlined before; skills, education and so forth, these are methods, which along with taxation can help reduce inequality. The bottom line is inequality is not good for the health of our society, just as it is not good for Africa or Asia, which is why we must fight it

With that we thanked him for his time before he moved on to talk to the next club using the wonders of modern technology.

The consensus was that he is a reasonable contender, someone who could certainly do the job. Some feel he was evasive in some of his answers, and he certainly lacks the radicalism of John Cruddas or the energy of Hazel Blears.

Nevertheless, there is a certain level of agreement that though Hilary Benn would be first choice for few of us, he might well pick up a number of second or third choice votes.

Homophobic?

Dear beloved SCAN,

Upon the release of the SCAN issue dated June 4th 2007 we received a complaint from a member of the LGBT Association of LUSU (aka YOURight*) about content found on page 11, HEADLINE: "I'll write verse, I'll put you in a hearse" which is also highlighted in the blown up article extract.

The person who made the complaint and we agree with them, is insulted by the unnecessary association of Marlowe's sexual orientation to his eccentricity. To put it in perspective had the article highlighted Marlowe's ethnic origin in amongst the list of strange characteristics/interests this would be openly racist.

We would like to further highlight the inadequate apology printed in the first issue of this term (Summer term 2007). SCAN was asked to apologise to Lancaster's students for homophobia printed in the last issue of Lent term 2007, article HEADLINE: "That sounds so gay!" SCAN printed an apology but failed to mention what they were apologising for or to whom they were apologising. We would like to apologies for SCAN's inadequacy and homophobia towards to LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual & Trans) students and staff of Lancaster University.

Thank you,

Jennifer Daffin, LUSU LGBT Officer & Beccy Marston, YOURight* Chair

Absolutely not!

I would like to sincerely and unreservedly apologise for any offence or hurt I have caused anybody. I must though explain that the suggestion that I used Marlowe's sexuality as a marker for his eccentricity is wrong. It was an obvious and regrettable mistake to include his (irrelevant) sexuality in the article, but an honest one.

As a minority student myself I have strived to make SCAN more inclusive this year, and I am disgusted by the suggestion that I, or indeed SCAN, are

homophobic. This sort of poison is not relevant to the complaint. I am not, nor have ever been, intolerant of someone based on their sexuality. I am upset with myself for the innocent error and surprised at the resulting furore, but also extremely disappointed in the tone of the complaint.

**Will Veitch
SCAN Assistant Editor**

Student Apathy

Dear SCAN,

In regard to the 4 June article on student apathy, it is ironic that students believed that their vote would not make a difference. Given that only 13% of the students turned out to vote in the University Ward on 3 May (which was the lowest voter turnout for any ward in Lancaster; the next lowest was double that at 26%) each voter wound up having nearly an eight times greater impact than they would have had if every eligible voter had turned out. And as for those students who refrained from voting because they are third years and said to themselves that they'll be leaving Lancaster University soon anyway, that same thought did not hold them back from making themselves heard about Pendle's future.

Further, how can students say that they don't believe that local Lancaster politics will affect them at the university? The University is still a part of the city (students make up 10% of Lancaster's population) and many of the things which are handled by the City Council have a large impact on the University. For example, the development of Lancaster as a Cycling Demonstration Town is making it much easier, safer and more pleasant for students to cycle between town and the University. Some of the things that students now take for granted have been created by past councillors putting in a great deal of work hours.

As a second-year student myself, I'm left feeling bewildered as to how my fellow students can feel that their local election votes count for nothing and that they are unaffected by the city's politics.

Yours,

Cllr Morgwn Trolinger

Outraged and Appalled

I am a first year Environmental Science student, and last year, near the beginning of the Michaelmas term I received a letter, like everyone else on my course, notifying me that I was eligible for a £1000 subject award. As you can expect I was pretty chuffed about this as this was the first time I'd heard about it. The letter said that I needed to enter my bank account details into a website, which I swiftly did, and just wait till 28th February for my chunk of cash to automatically be deposited into my account.

I went through the next term and a half expecting to be a grand better off by the end of February, so I didn't worry too much about money. The date came and went without any drastic rise in my bank balance. So, off I trundled to University house to complain about still not having received the money that had been promised me 5-6 months ago. I was informed by student support that I was not in fact eligible for the grant promised me so long ago and that all that could be done was to make an appointment with Craig Lowe, the Student Finance Manager.

I made the appointment for Monday and then went to see my Tutor, Louise Ronald, who I informed of the situation so far. We both went together to see Craig on Monday and were shown into his office after 5 or 10 minutes of waiting for him to finish his lunch. He listened to what I had to say, but had no answers, so kept reiterating the same points, I'm terribly sorry, but because you deferred your entry and don't pay the full £3000 you aren't eligible for the money you were promised; He even offered to change my fee status so that I would have to pay the 3 grand, but I may then be able to get the subject award!

Then he proceeded to pass the buck onto the IT department who were supposed to make sure this didn't happen. Well obviously that didn't work and this did happen Craig.

After this rather unhelpful meeting, Louise and I decided that the next reasonable course of action would be to write a letter to the Vice-

Chancellor, in which we expressed how I had been dealt with and how I felt about everything. I was fobbed off again by the VC who passed my case onto Fiona Aiken. Fiona wrote me a letter on 28th March, pretty much saying the same things as Craig, it appeared that your fee status was originally recorded at £3,000 and it was not until we later received information from the Student Loan Company confirming your actual fee level that your status changed. This was because you had deferred from 2005 entry and, while our records were manually corrected to ensure that you were not billed for the higher fee, we did not also correct the information you had received about the subject award.

She ended the letter by offering me, as Craig had also done, a change in fee status to the extortionate £3,000 top up fees which this Government has burdened the student population of today with.

I'm appalled by the fact that a University with so much money, refuses to fix its cock up by paying me and the 6 or 7 others in the same situation as me, the £1,000 promised.

Lancaster University has over 270 different degree schemes, which spread across a broad range of academic subject areas. All UK and EU students registered on one of over 90 degree schemes in selected subject areas for 2006 entry will automatically receive a Subject Award of £1000 per year towards maintenance support. <http://www.lancs.ac.uk/ugfinance/subject.htm>

If the University can afford to pay all of these, then what difference would another £7,000 make? The only excuse offered from Craig on this point was that, to do this would, compound our mistake. Admit that you were wrong more like.

I'm absolutely disgusted at the way that the University has fobbed me off constantly and refused to offer any real solutions. How would you feel if you had won the lottery and when you went to collect the money, you were then informed that in fact, you were never eligible in the first place.

Philip Hawkes

Letter from the Editor

Ben Bailey
Editor

As Noddy Holder would have said, "so here it is," the last issue of SCAN for the academic year. For me, this is the completion of a year in the Editor's chair, culminating in the production of 48,000 copies of SCAN spread over 16 painstakingly tiring issues that have been produced and distributed across campus.

While most Editors pour their hearts out into glossy centre spreads, dedicating pages looking back over the year that was, I simply thought that to be a waste of mine, and more importantly, your time. Instead I allowed myself a few words about what the year has had in store for us all, and what happened along the way.

This was the first year in which top-up fees have

been introduced. Student Unions across the country marched on London in protest last year, but as the Vice-Chancellor said when I sat with him a few months after: "I think it was premature. I don't think that as a debate it will get traction for a few years." And so it was that we trundled back to Lancaster, some believing that they had changed Governmental opinion on the issue, others thinking that it was a colossal waste of time and that a stroll along the Thames will not stem the tide of top-up fees.

I spent the year working like a storm trooper - on odd weeks. Along the way I somehow interviewed movie stars, rock bands and politicians. I represented the University on our sporting fields, (I even made the trip to York, spit!) at dinner functions making speeches, and on mind-numbing Committees.

In twelve months we pissed off practically every University Department that's in the phone book. We got complaints from religious groups, the LGBT executive (see above), academics, pensioners and

the clinically insane. It was all in the name of good student journalism.

As every one of you will know, Lancaster is not the most exciting place in the world. Lancaster life has a certain pace, similar to that of a canal, but not a motorway. Running a newspaper in such conditions can be tricky, considering that elusive search for 'news'. Imagine my delight when my Assistant Editor informed me that the rugby pitches had overnight been colonised by a hoard of travelling gypsies.

So what has this year brought us? A new Sugarhouse, a potential law suit with the Labour party (worst front page of the year). Students campaigned against the NUSSL deal, while Lancaster said no to top-up fees and Grizedale became a permanent crater. Plans were unveiled for a new Science Park (definitely worst front page of all time) a campus lottery was launched and a referendum was called. The University cocked-up on room allocations for first years, the campaign season started, ended and the winners were declared. Giant rats invaded

campus (or did they?) and while bar prices went up we took a pummelling in York. The pitches were invaded, Cartmel played host to some fire, and a hullabaloo kicked off over Lonsdale's running of the Cuba night. Perhaps a lot does happen at Lancaster University.

At least 3,000 of you will Graduate in the coming months. You will go into all kinds of professions spanning the globe. Some of you will travel. Others will return to their parents' sofas.

I will remember it as the year that flew by in which we walked with Knights, made mistakes, laughed and cried. As I prepare to leave Lancaster for good I will not leave behind the memories. I hope you don't either.

Good luck to you all.

Ben Bailey

SCAN Editor 2006/07
(LUMHC Third Team Players' Player Of The Year)

gradball

two thousand and seven

Monday 25th June 2007

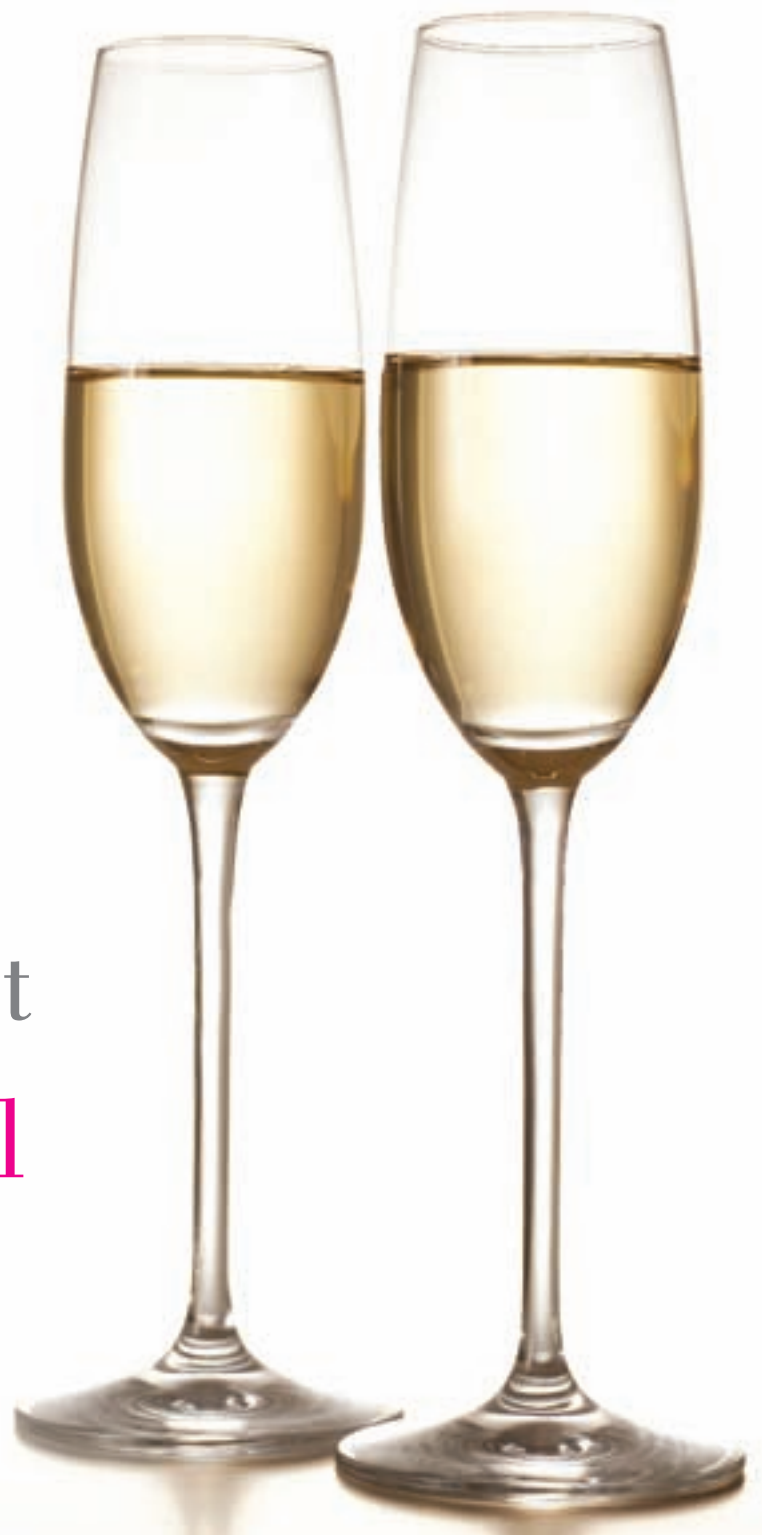
North Road, Lancaster

tickets still available from
the LUSU info desk!

don't forget to book
your restaurant by
wednesday week 9

for more information visit
www.lusu.co.uk/gradball

celebrate in
the city



FEATURES

It's downhill from here...



Weird Lancaster

Fear and Loathing (in Lancaster)

Weird Dan

Weird Correspondent

Well, I was struggling to think of something for the final Weird Dan article. I wanted something really Weird. I had spent hours in the library and online, Googling all kinds of crap, but only leading back to things I'd already written about, or that there wasn't enough information about for a complete article.

Once again, I asked him what he meant. I've met spiritual types before, and wasn't going to be fobbed off with vague ramblings about "destiny" and "discovery".

It seemed like fate when I received a mysterious email, reading 'Dear Weird Dan,' followed by an address, which happened to be on one of the more popular 'student' streets. I got myself straight round there.

I was greeted by an aging hippy type. He had a gaunt white face, and incredibly open eyes- I mean, they were like lamps, with the whites discoloured red and yellow. He spoke fast, and seemed to punctuate each hundred-mile-an-hour sentence with a furious sniff. I shook his dry, bony hand, and went inside. For the benefit of this article, let's call him Colin...

Inside Colin's house was nothing. I mean, no furniture, no carpet, no bog roll, nothing. The only three things I noticed were a large padlocked chest which he refused to open, a kettle on the kitchen unit (but no mugs), and a weird wax alien thing on the mantle piece, which looked a bit like Lesley Ash. I asked him what he did, and he said he was a "Shaman". I asked what he meant, and he explained; "Well, I suppose you could call me a community healer, I help people come



to terms with their minds, I guess, their destinies, but what we're really, I guess, ultimately aiming for is discovery."

Once again, I asked him what he meant. I've met spiritual types before,

evolving to his position of "earth ruler", man came from outer space.

He didn't just come out of space, however, he landed on the planet and raped every monkey in sight, hence

survival (sniff)."

Colin takes people on "spiritual" missions to meet their alien ancestors using meditation, and a whole world of hallucinogenic material. I asked him to

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and wasn't going to be fobbed off with vague ramblings about "destiny" and "discovery". After an intense half an hour of sniffing and stuttering, I got some kind of theory out of him. Our Colin reasons that, rather than

the fact we have so much in common with the creatures. The offspring then evolved into the humanity we know and love today. "We've got bigger, I guess, that much is certain," Colin confessed, "but then we needed to, for

specify what stuff he used, and all I got was a speedy ramble about chemical jargon. At this point, all I could think of were two songs: 'Space Monkey' by Patti Smith, and 'Ebenezer Good' by The Shaman. I struggled to keep track

of what he was saying. I do remember him talking about Peyote, however, the hallucinogen taken from a Mexican cactus, which was popular with Mexican Indian shamans. He described his home as his "church," and said that he kept it "pure" to "keep the mind on its quest, I guess, I mean, you need a blank canvas (sniff), you don't want to be seeing sofas when you're on shit. You don't want to see televisions (sniff)."

I was naturally glad to get the fuck out of there, and he promised to email me a picture (he wouldn't let me take one as he was spiritually sensitive, and only has his picture taken twice a year). He sent me the weird, Photo-shopped image you can see (left).

I asked him about the alien thing. He smirked, and said, "oh yeah, that's just, yeah, a little something I created, I guess". He was vague about how many participated in his "experiments," he simply said "they come and they go, sometimes about forty, sometimes just me. I come and I go!"

I asked if students ever participated. He said he wasn't sure, before mumbling something like "most of them have PhDs, we're dealing with science, I guess".

I was naturally glad to get the fuck out of there, and he promised to email me a picture (he wouldn't let me take one as he was spiritually sensitive, and only has his picture taken twice a year). He sent me the weird, Photo-shopped image you can see. So look out for Colin. He's certainly a character.

Have yourselves a weird summer folks.

From Russia with hangovers

Gareth Davies
& Darren Light

My first memory of the trip was waking up on a wet and windy February morning, in pitch black, my nerves shot to pieces. How had I got myself into this? A week in minus temperatures, with a group of students I'd only met twice before. We were being lead by a retired History lecturer, Alan Wood, who was reportedly as legendary a drinker as he was an academic! At that precise moment my hopes of surviving the trip were about as weak as Lenin probably was in his last days.

When you think of Russia, or the "Iron Curtain" as us veterans call it, what images spring to mind? In my mind there's no doubt that Russia is about images of vodka bottles, men wearing large hats, which may in fact be dead beavers, and a whole lot of snow. Amazingly all these rather harsh stereotypes are in fact true, but not in a sinister way. Our trip began on a drizzly Saturday morning in Manchester airport, but that was nothing compared to the conditions in Moscow airport. As soon as the double doors of the arrival lounge opened, all thirty of us ventured forward and for the first time experienced minus degree temperatures. Within five minutes my face was numb and my knees were knocking together. On the plus side, our hotel was massive, with a casino to boot, and it took only twelve hours before I was offered sex, as well as mud-wrestling shows in its strip club.

Our first day took us to the world famous Red Square, which isn't actually that red and not really a square either. Proceeding through numerous metal detectors and past disgruntled soldiers, we reached Lenin's tomb. We were lead by our local guide, Violeta, down into what can basically be described as an underground bunker, through a vast labyrinth of incredibly wet stairs and all in virtual darkness. At this point we all began wondering if this staircase actually led to the former Communist leader. Eventually we turned the corner and found ourselves just a few feet away from the man himself. Locked inside a glass case and placed on his back. I can only describe it as looking very similar to a Madame Tussauds' wax figure, with the bottom of his body strangely flat. Rumours of his ear having fallen off were concealed by the dim lighting. I half thought he might break out and give us a song and dance routine, but sadly no.

Throughout the trip the weather was a bizarre mixture of sunshine with minus degree temperatures, an average of minus 10 which apparently was relatively high for February! Other notable highlights of our first day included taking a veritable feast of photographs with St. Basil's Cathedral as our background and a breathtaking view, taking in the entire city from the top of the main Cathedral. That evening we acquainted ourselves with the local nightlife, which constituted us finding a bar, full of slot machines, and being led by the owner to a back room with two large sofas and two slot machines in the corner, and being asked to keep the noise down. Apparently the Russian social scene is very different to ours as their drinking involves getting the cheapest bottle of spirit and wrecking yourself on the streets. This was followed by a party in one of the rooms, which destroyed relations with the hotel management.

The next morning we visited the very heart of Moscow, the Kremlin. Security within this fortified political centre is watertight, with burly, hard-as-nails, ex KGB guards strolling along the pavements. They sported sub-machine guns, their eyes constantly fixed on the tour parties, which was a little disconcerting but cool. The courtyard contained the largest cannon in the world and a broken bell. We went into the armoury, which is where the vast amount of artefacts of the Romanov era are kept. Inside was, once again, an immense array of wealth, with crowns, jewellery, royal dresses and carriages. In the evening all the students endeavoured to find a restaurant for the evening, a task which involved us exploring the Moscow underground stations which have been preserved in their original state since the 18th century. It was as if

we were inside a royal palace, such was the extravagance of the architecture. The restaurant manager ensured we got our doses of vodka because, as a big Sex Pistols fan, he liked us British. Afterwards one of our party dropped his trousers in Red Square to test his endurance to the climate. Sadly the military police came down on him like a ton of lead, issuing him a warning and very nearly removing him from existence.

The following day we took a look at the Russia of the present day by visiting a



secondary school. Since the end of the Cold War the country has moved closer to the ideals of Western Europe and this is best reflected in the education system, as we were told by the headmistress of the school that 70% of schools within Moscow are private, probably the most remarkable fact I learnt on the whole trip.

Within five minutes of going outside my face was numb and my knees were knocking together. On the plus side, our hotel was massive, with a casino to boot, and it took only twelve hours before I was offered sex, as well as mud-wrestling shows in its strip club.

Meeting the pupils was also a considerable eye opener, as their English was of a high standard and much of the younger generation has a huge amount in common with us, as they are all familiar with our own literature, music and fashion. From a personal perspective it left me feeling highly humbled and rather guilty that I was unable to claim to have even read a Russian novel. Their John Carpenter look-alike teacher led the pupils in a snowball fight against us. Regrettably, we were beaten badly, however, considering their superior practice with snow and greater numbers, their victory was to be expected.

Before we caught the overnight train to St. Petersburg we took in a ballet performance of "Don Quixote", a story which was a mystery to me in terms of detail but a joy to watch. In the past I've considered it to be an aristocratic form of performance with little in it for the ordinary person, but I take it back. The sheer sight of seeing the Ballerina's move from one side of the stage to the other on tip-toe (there's probably a technical term), was worth the entrance fee alone. So on a cold (what else?), and icy night we made our way to the Moscow station and boarded the St. Petersburg train in eager anticipation.

Our compartments were barely bigger than a portalo, and four of us were in each room. Adhering to the intimate atmosphere we cracked open some brewskis and expressed our convictions thus far. On payment of a glass of vodka, Alan would regale us with tales of his career and of past trips. The latter included the presence of the late Marcus

Merriman one particular year, who hazardously told Red Square guards "Screw You!" at a checkpoint.

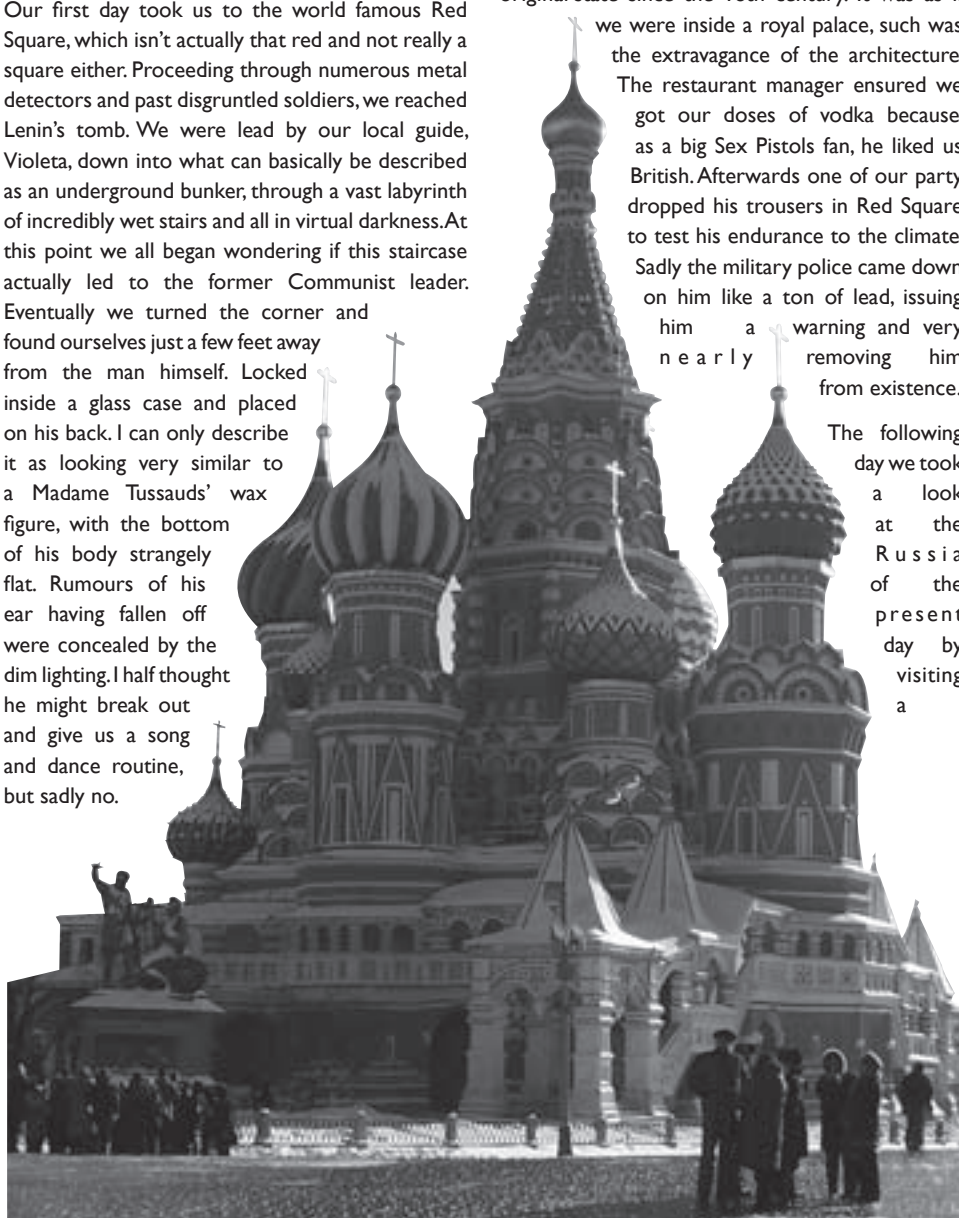
After having our door rapped upon by a uniformed Russian, who shouted something incoherent at us, we realised he meant "get off the train now, or you go to Siberia". Acknowledging the fact this meant certain death in the even harsher climate of the northern steppes, we scrambled our stuff together following minimal sleep. St. Petersburg was also covered in snow (Yippeel!), but colder still than Moscow.

Here we met our new guide, Tanya. Amidst her repeated waving of a daffodil and eccentric murmurings of the word "tak", we headed to the Sovietskaya Hotel. The city was clearly more modern than Moscow, being founded in 1703 by Peter the Great and often referred to as the 'window to Europe.' We briefly paused on the way to look at the Aurora battleship, which was preserved in the ice of the River Neva. Its sailors were fundamentally involved in the outbreak of the October Revolution; plus, there were novelty 'McLenin' T-shirts for sale.

The hotel seemed a step-down from the Moscow accommodation – no casino, no strip club and the water was yellow. The tip here being: don't drink tap water – in Russia water consumes you. Stick to Vodka. They practically fed it to us in shops trying to get us to buy it. Certainly after two hours sleep four shots of straight, pepper and olive infused spirit enlightens ones senses - and kicks you in the nuts. Excluding a few cheap Baltika beers we tried to get a reasonable night's sleep for once.

But Russia would not let us. I was woken about two in the morning by my roommate retching his guts out. My first thought was the midday vodkas disagreed with him, but he was at it for hours. The poor bloke must have chucked his insides out. The problem being it was the middle of the night, we did not know where a doctor was and we didn't speak Russian. (I thought it might be "Doctorski"). Putting aside such considerations I located our Russian lecturer who was thankfully not on a drinking session of his own. By this time we all had to get up anyway, but as we congregated in the lobby, there were several MIAs. It turns out Russia had got the better of about five or six of us, my roommate being carted out on a stretcher. Should I take a photo? They spent a couple of days in hospital, but we still don't know for sure what caused this epidemic.

Meanwhile the survivors visited the Hermitage Museum, based in the former official royal family residence of the Winter Palace. This contained the world's largest art gallery – if you spent one



minute looking at each work of art it would take you three years to traverse this grandiose palace. It had EVERYTHING there – da Vinci, Rodin, Monet, Rembrandt, Picasso etc. In the midst of our exploration, our tour guide suddenly retreated with anxiety. Backing away she told us that the former head of the Communist Party, who had challenged Yeltsin to be head honcho, was in the room.

I was awoken about two in the morning by my roommate retching his guts out. My first thought was the midday vodkas disagreeing with him, but he was at it for hours. The poor bloke must have chucked his insides out. We congregated in the lobby, there were several MIAs. It turns out Russia had got the better of about five or six of us, my roommate being carted out on a stretcher. Should I take a photo?

All of us kept our distance except one – Alan. He casually meandered over to this figure, who was surrounded by heavies, whilst we discussed which way they were going to kill him. However, they both shook hands and photos were allowed. Clearly the current politics of Russia are bit friendlier than their KGB predecessors. We also viewed the stairs from which the Winter Palace was stormed by

Bolsheviks and the room where the provisional government was arrested and the clock stopped. Afterwards we visited the Yusupov Palace, where Rasputin was killed. The Yusupovs were one of the wealthiest families in Russia, rich enough to have their own theatre in their home. The plot to kill Rasputin took place in the murky basement, which contained life-size figures of the conspirators. Rasputin, because of his mystical healing powers, was shot, strangled and then thrown into the adjacent river. Pretty harsh for a guy with an awesome beard.

The city Metro cost 25p to travel anywhere and had chandeliers and stained glass windows on the platforms, which takes the piss out of our public transport. In the bar I spotted my ideal drink. It was green, labelled 'Hypno' and had a warning sign in Russian that I couldn't understand. A couple of us sank a few of these with its other absinthe equivalents, whilst resisting the urge to dance to the Macarena. For the Russians, this mid-nineties classic is probably a recent phenomenon, but some of our group still remembered the dance. Oh dear. Let's add doing the Macarena to drunkenness and brawling on the list of foreign perceptions of the British.

We had a sombre start to the penultimate day, visiting the cemetery dedicated to the victims of the siege of the city (then called Leningrad) in the Second World War. 490,000 people are buried there and probably twice that many perished in the 900-day siege where civilians had to survive on 125 grams of bread.

On the final night we went to a bar to empty its stocks of 'Tsar' vodka. This ended all hopes of awaking for the next days activities, but it was the last night. We begrudgingly consumed a filthy McDonald's from an establishment that was blown-up the next day, after we had left! Nevertheless we were more concerned with getting back to the



The restaurant manager ensured we got our doses of vodka. Afterwards one of our party dropped his trousers in Red Square to test his endurance to the climate. Sadly the military police came down on him like a ton of lead, issuing him a warning and very nearly removing him from existence.

hotel. We were quite a way away, drunk and in temperatures as low as -20° C. Still we managed to be ready for our last excursion to the Peter and Paul Fortress in the afternoon. This contained the remains of the Tsars and their families. However, time was running out and we soon had to fly home, with a statue of Lenin disappearing behind us.

On the whole, Russia is a unique and fascinating country, with an eventful history. The landmarks and architecture probably astounded me the most. It is a pity that the University's history department decided to discontinue teaching Russian history following Alan's retirement as we would all recommend this trip to anyone.

You can take a lot from Russia, but don't expect it to not take something in return.

To Give or not to Give?

Hannah Lickert

Features Editor

Charity is a difficult issue, and we cannot escape it. It stares at us from posters, flyers, television adverts, and we're not quite sure where we stand on it. Many people are dismissive of the idea, saying that any third world money goes straight into the pockets of the Mugabes and other autocrats, and that we're doing more harm than good in throwing money at "the Africa problem", or developing countries.

They may well be right, as almost no-one outside of Mugabe's military compound in Zimbabwe will see any international aid donated through the government. But we are right to be alert to this corruption, but without letting it dent our objectives and actions.

We can donate money directly to organisations such as Medicins Sans Frontières, a group whose objective is to cure sick people, regardless of their political inclinations, and the millions of refugees in the Sudanese camps will be more likely to see more of our well-intentioned aid, as this way it will be harder for the militia who currently hold sway in that country to intercept it and use it for their own ends. Otherwise, how are we to donate in confidence to the dozens of Darfur appeals, when the leader of the country, President Omar

Al-Bashir, is supplying the Janjaweed militia with weapons and money, and has been named "World's Worst Dictator" by Parade Magazine for the last three years running?

Oxfam reassure the donator that around 84% of your altruistic cash will go straight to the cause, with 13% being invested to "generate future income," and only 3% going on admin. So no excuses people, set up that direct debit right now. Here is a charity addressing your concerns head on, dispelling myths that people use to get out of giving tiny amounts each month to charity.

So this leads me on to my main concern: what is the real reason why people don't give to charity? If we can identify organisations that guarantee that our money is going to help people, rather than line the pockets of dictators or pay for the staff end-of-year party, why not give to them? What possible reason could a person have for not wanting to part say, with two pounds a month?

Students argue that they are skint already, well into their third overdraft, and are in danger of experiencing poverty themselves. This may well be true, but can anyone reading this article say with perfect honesty that they would be financially crippled if they lost two more pounds a month? That's fifty pence a week. You'd probably drop that much on the floor and not bother to pick it up.

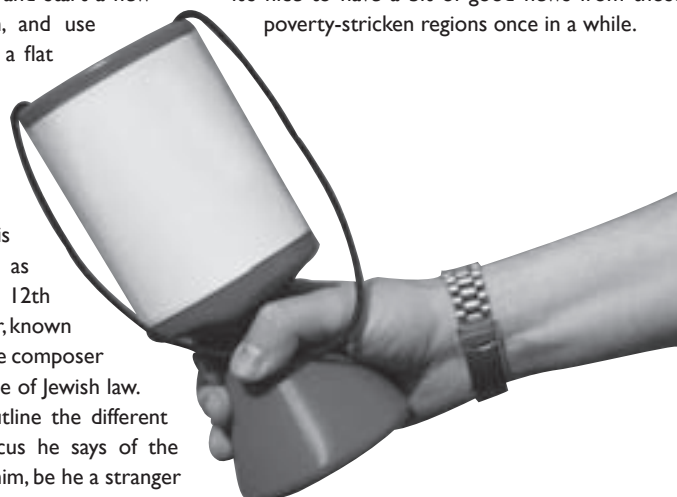
Big Issue sellers are the most interesting case. They spend their hours watching people go past, declining offers of the magazine with indifferent stares or a more polite "No thanks, mate." But this in itself is

puzzling. When you say "no" to a Big Issue, you're not turning down a flyer. In practice, the seller is saying "Help me get my life back for £1.50?" to which the prospective buyer replies "No thanks, mate." The Big Issue seller is not a fly-covered African child from the news, but he represents an identical cause. Here is everyone's chance to cut out the middleman, and give directly to the origin, knowing that the person you are handing money to will use it well. A lot of people, rightly, won't give money to homeless people, saying that they will spend it on drugs or alcohol, the reason they might be on the streets in the first place.

But you cannot hide behind this rhetoric for Big Issue sellers. Big Issue sellers are not just any homeless people. They have had to prove to the Big Issue Foundation that they are genuinely willing to leave their old life behind, and start a new one, become a businessman, and use the money to buy food, rent a flat and print off CVs for jobs. They must buy the magazine from the Foundation and then sell it on at a generous profit, generating income for themselves. This, of course, is the highest form of charity, as outlined by Maimonides, the 12th Century rabbi and philosopher, known by Jews as the Rambam, and the composer of the Mishneh Torah, the code of Jewish law. His eight levels of charity outline the different ways of giving, and in Leviticus he says of the highest: 'You shall strengthen him, be he a stranger

or a settler, he shall live with you.' The lowest is "one who gives ungraciously," which is basically the equivalent of throwing coppers at a beggar. You may be giving money, but you're keeping the receiver at the level of receiver, and not acknowledging them as a fellow, equal, human being, and as Chief Rabbi Jonathan Sacks says, "What matters is not only how much you give, but also how you do so. Anonymity in the giving of aid is essential to dignity. The poor must not be embarrassed."

So, to amend my first line, charity was a difficult issue. If we make the smallest effort to investigate the causes we hesitate about giving to, we can easily see where our money is going. Most charities will send you emails or letters with updates, photos and testimony from the people in need themselves, and although it's a well-doctored piece of publicity, it's nice to have a bit of good news from those poverty-stricken regions once in a while.



We'll always have Casablanca

Lancaster graduates drive to Africa in a car worth less than your stereo!



Will Veitch
Assistant Editor

Three Lancaster University graduates are competing in C2C, a banger rally organised by 'Street Safari'. They'll be driving a 1986 BMW 7-Series, affectionately christened 'Minkey the Whale', that they bought from a scrap dealer in Bristol. It is probably therefore older than you are.

Team 'Gin'll Fix It', the guys that have worked so hard getting 'Minkey' ready for her epic journey, are ex-Grizdaleans Ben Fisher, 24, and Chris Lingwood, 23, and ex-Bowlander Paul Arthur, 38. C2C will take them from Calais, on 24th June all the way into Africa - Casablanca to be precise. The rally official is scheduled to take 5 days but, factoring in the heat, the mountains and the fact they will be sleeping either in the car or in a nearby tent, 'Gin'll Fix It' hope to be back in about a fortnight.

The rules of the rally meant 'Minkey the Whale' had to be bought for under

£100 (receipt necessary) and also had to be road legal. The Bristolian scrap dealer left the guys alone in his back yard with the car, a bucket and a broom and after draining the footwells and evacuating the woodland creatures from the boot, 'Minkey' fired up first time and runs like a dream. All this was after their original purchase broke down just south of Manchester and refused to budge.

Their journey will take them through France and over the Millau Viaduct, via Carcassonne and into the Pyrenees, to Andorra and onwards into Spain, past Barcelona and south towards Murcia then onto the ferry and into Morocco. Assuming the Moroccan border guards let them into Africa it won't be far until they are on their way back again! A 4000-mile round trip!

The team are using the event as a charity fundraiser for Cardiac Risk in the Young (CRY) in memory of their friend and housemate, Vicky Stockton. Vicky sadly passed away last year; she had worked in Grizedale Bar throughout her undergraduate and Master's degrees and was Grizedale Sports Rep. two years running. She was also a core member of Grizedale's

Women's football team and Ben told me of her formidable reputation; apparently once she tackled you, you stayed tackled!

The Bristolian scrap dealer left the guys alone in his back yard with the car, a bucket and a broom, and after draining the footwells and evacuating the woodland creatures from the boot, 'Minkey' fired up first time. She runs like a dream.

CRY will receive all the profits from the event; specifically they put emphasis on screening programs for young adults so as to pick up on any as-yet-undiagnosed problems. They also fund research into the study of heart problems and provide support for those affected.

Vicky will be the unofficial fourth member of 'Gin'll Fix It' and will I'm sure offer the extra motivation the guys may need on their quest. What with the predicted heat across Europe and Africa, the radiator could definitely put up bit of a struggle and there will be fingers and toes crossed as they descend the Pyrenees, with frequent 800 metre drops down to their left.

In case of boredom, the team have built up a huge pile of CDRs, although Ben tells me that Paul's musical tastes could mean extended periods of either fingers-in-ears or European radio- a place where they play Tina Turner with no discernable sense of irony.

C2C is the only rally of its type to take place on the African continent and its organisers are quick to point out that it is not a race- there are no prizes for reaching any of the destinations first. In fact, when prizes are awarded, they are for such categories as 'Longest Hitch-hike', 'Most Impressive Bodge' and 'Biggest Pile of Junk', as well as further challenged to be announced en route.

The 'winners' will be the team, on reaching destination Casablanca, who have accumulated the most points. In

Casablanca the majority of the teams will either scrap or auction-off their bangers, and return home via a more reliable form of transport. Not our team 'Gin'll Fix It' though! No! They are attempting the return journey in 'Minkey' as well!

Assuming they have got there with the car still in a small enough number of pieces to attempt the return, they will take a slightly less perilous route home. If you would like to see the car in its present state, the team will be posing with 'Minkey' outside LUSU all day on Monday 18th and perhaps later in the week as well.

Whilst parked outside LUSU (or in fact whilst parked anywhere) the guys will be collecting money in 'Minkey's' boot lid. If, for whatever reason you can't make it down, you can donate online at <http://www.thousandmonkeys.com/ginllfixit> or get involved with the booze run raffle at Grizdale's mini-Extrav.

It just remains for us at SCAN to wish 'Gin'll Fix It' (and perhaps especially Minkey) all our best in their noble endeavour and to thank everyone for their support.

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tuesday
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CLUB JUICY

(lesbian/gay/bisexual.....)

Doors 9pm - 2am

FREE ENTRY B4 10pm



THE POPSCENE SALE - FREE ENTRY B4 10.30PM WITH
A PURPLE CARD - ALL DRINKS £1 B4 11PM



£2 entry 11pm - Midnight,
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Til 3am

The Original Indie Night - In the Main Room, 10pm - 3am

trash

THE FRONT ROOM

ALL ROCK, ALL NIGHT - 10PM - 3AM

thursday

friday

saturday

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WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Doors: 10pm

VS.

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CHANGE EVERY HALF HOUR!
WATCH THE WHEEL FOR
THE DECIDING SPIN!

OPEN
Til 3am

FREE ENTRY B4 10.30pm with a Purplecard

S4S

sunday's 4 sleeping

2 FREE DRINKS
VOUCHERS
WITH A PURPLE
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OPEN
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wk9 @ the sugarhouse

www.thesugarhouse.co.uk

Throw away your television

Craig Waling

If there's one thing I can't understand, it's the insistence of some students to bring a television to university. I just can't be bothered to pay £135 to stare at a box all day when there are a hundred clubs and societies to get involved with, and you can easily watch television in the comfort of TV

rooms, which are scattered across campus, and provide TV without you needing to buy a TV license. That, and TV is rubbish anyway.

Yes, you heard me right – TV is rubbish. Now, I don't know this, as I don't have one to watch. However, I decided that I should see what I was missing, and I decided that I should watch Big Brother, to see if I was missing anything. So I went into my college TV room on launch night and

waited to see which freaks would enter the human zoo this year.

And freaks were precisely what we got. The all-female line up included a Posh Spice wannabe, a thirty-something hippy raver, and a pair of irritating twins who have convinced me that involuntary human euthanasia needs to be legalised as soon as possible. At least I can take solace in the fact that Big Brother isn't the only show on TV, even if it feels like it is. So I watched a bit of TV at other times as well.

At least I can take solace in the fact that Big Brother isn't the only show on TV, even if it feels like it is.

Morning television gives us a choice between a hundred programmes which all follow roughly the same format: A selected item, be it an antique, a house or a car, undergoes skilful purchasing or restoration in order to sell the said item at a profit. These types of shows fill the morning schedule. Why bother paying for a TV license if all you have to watch is this rubbish? Well, either that, or Jeremy

Kyle, which is essentially a re-hashed version of old morning favourites like Trisha and Kilroy. I'd rather stay in bed, thanks.

The evening schedules leave much to be desired as well. They're filled with soap operas and reality shows. If you couldn't care less about Coronation Street, and you'd rather watch something decent instead of a programme which throws minor celebrities into a jungle, then there is little for you except the news.

As for the night schedules, I remember when late night TV used to show cult films, and low budget comedy that appealed to the inebriated. However, with the advent of Quizmania, late-nights have become awful.

Rather than getting a B-movie or intelligent programming, you get to watch drunk people phone up to try and win money. This kind of TV should be prescribed to insomniacs as a cure.

However, the biggest problem with TV is that no one wants to cancel popular TV shows when they get rubbish. Rather than axing Hollyoaks, Channel 4 allowed it to get even worse, and Big Brother is still being broadcast into the nation's living rooms, like the Orwellian nightmare that won't

end, despite a race row that had sent rumours flying that it would soon be axed.

Rather than getting a B-movie or intelligent programming, you get to watch drunk people phone up to try and win money. This kind of TV should be prescribed to insomniacs as a cure.

I'm surprised that so many students actually bother paying for licenses. I'd just leave the TV at home. But you still get the threatening letters telling you to buy a license even if you don't have a TV. One Bowland student got a letter, even though he owned a TV license.

And all this fuss of licensing is just so we can slump in a chair, and watch mediocre programming. Or you can leave your TV at home when you come back next year, and put your money to better use – In the bar!



Can't stop addicted to the tinned goods

Jennifer Swann

I sit in my flat and wonder how the designers of it ever thought such a tiny kitchenette (it's so small the word 'kitchen' is not appropriate) would suit fourteen flatmates. Yes, fourteen. The living area itself is huge, and I don't understand why there has to be so much empty space. This isn't the actual point here, but it leads me to it – I'm wondering just how students manage that all important balance of value, nutrition, and of course space management, when it comes to food purchasing.

My mother taught me to 'always have some in' just in case there's a blizzard or World War Three begins or whatever, and it's something that is both a blessing and a curse when it comes to university. At home our (not exactly massive) kitchen is usually jam-packed with items that we don't eat regularly even when there's 'nothing in'. I'm going away next week, so attempting to eat this back-supply is on the agenda here. As my supplies of curry sauce, bolognese sauce, rice, corn flakes, baked beans and pasta whittle down, I wonder for one,

why I even have rice in my cupboard. In case – that's why. I don't even really like rice that much. And as for pasta, I've had the same small bag since the beginning of term. Why do we feel the need to collect food that we don't eat just in case we 'need' them?

Secondly. Another of my mother's important lessons, buy cheap! Why would you ever want to spend £2 on something that you can get for 30p? This is a blessing and a curse and something that as I approach the end of my second year at university, I am beginning to manage to juggle.

Another of my mother's important lessons, buy cheap! Why would you ever want to spend £2 on something that you can get for 30p?

I'm slowly learning to accept that some of the 'value' items are not worth a penny and I'd rather eat my foot. At the same time, certain cheaper versions are quite adequate and even rather tasty (and in the case of other non-edible products; just generally sufficient at what they

do), its all down to trying them out and figuring out which ones you can bear. For me you cant go wrong with 8p noodles and 17p baked beans, but although 25p bread is ok, you can't beat a good quality granary loaf. I speak to other people though, and they have different opinions – I figure it's just down to our individual tastes and learning what you like.

I'm slowly learning to accept that some of the 'value' items are not worth a penny and I'd rather eat my foot.

Health. I know for some students it is not of importance but here comes the voices of Gillian McKeith and Jamie Oliver telling us that Turkey Twizzlers are the invention of the devil and that if you eat certain food it will do whatever to your insides. I have always been a bit health conscious, and I do really love healthy food, but when you live in a flat directly above a Subway, across the road from a KFC and just a minute away from two takeaways it gets difficult to even remember what an apple even looks like.

This doesn't help the bank balance

either as I have learned these past weeks. Revision and stress don't make Jenni want to cook, so takeaways are the way forward. It's not healthy, it's not cheap, they're probably not doing anything good to my brain cells, but damn, it makes me feel better – and leaves more time for revision!

What I've learned these past two years is that the key really is balance. I know that I will have to make space in my bedroom for my 'just in case' supplies, that sometimes I am going to give in to a takeaway (some weeks I may even live off them), and that there's nothing wrong with spending a pound on a loaf of bread.

All you have to remember is to do everything in moderation and make sure that you don't have your bank manager ringing you up asking why you're three grand over your overdraft limit – also, a job and a fridge in your room don't go amiss.



Hair straighteners £1 a go!

Westaly Duignan

I hadn't been to Revolution in a while. When I finally did go again it was during the day and I was more than a little surprised at what I found in the women's toilets: hair straighteners! Hooked up to the wall, there they were, a pair of GHDs that a girl could use for up to 90 seconds provided she had £1 to spend.

My initial reaction was a mixture of disbelief and humour. Did everyone else know about this? Where else are they? I couldn't help but think how clever the idea was, how novel and opportunistic. Yet how effortlessly it exposes the vanity and superficiality of the modern self; will we all one day walk around with mirrors attached to our heads so that we can constantly 'check' our appearances? As it turns out, we may not have to; everywhere we go there will be mirrors and styling products galore.

I went on the advertised website to see how far this phenomenon had spread, and that's when I started to

get genuinely concerned. According to the website literature and testimonials the award winning 'hair straightener vending machine' prevents all those nights out that were just utterly ruined because your hair wasn't sleek and stylish.

The prerequisite outlook for this machine is that: "In today's world 'image' is everything." Okay, apart from feeling like I'd stepped into a futuristic dystopia, it was alarming to be confronted with what we really care about.

According to one satisfied bar owner, "The Straight Up machines have brought increased value to our female customers' 'going out' experience and the guys aren't complaining either". Increased value? How long before

something similar crops up in the men's toilets I wonder? But it doesn't stop there. These machines are installed in gyms and shopping centres/arcades as well as pubs and clubs across the UK and soon, worldwide.

The prerequisite outlook for this machine is that: "In today's world 'image' is everything." Okay, apart from feeling like I'd stepped into a futuristic dystopia, it was alarming to be confronted with what we really care about. The assumption that our daily routine, or indeed the weather, ruin our "struggle for perfection" is laughable, but becomes disturbing as the truth of the assertion is contemplated.

If indeed sleek hair is 'perfection', then our self-absorption has taken us to a whole brave new level of worthlessness. Our limited definition of beauty is fuelled by the amount of importance we place on appearances. The way we look becomes a project, a life-consuming goal and a cause of potential constant stress and unhappiness.

The unattainable body image that is projected by the media presents a Catch 22: you can try to look the way you think you should but you will waste a lot of time doing it; or you can accept

that it's unattainable and risk feeling like a failure for admitting so.

It is a trap that pushes us further from our natural selves and strips away our confidence. Being accepted (or looking 'flawless'), is the quickest path to self-loathing and a crisis of identity. Ironically of course, flaws are what *make* people beautiful, we only wish we could pick the flaws we believe we could live with.

Female sexuality is powerful, but it really doesn't come from deep-rooted anxieties masked by perfectly straight hair. Body image is an issue regardless of gender, which will not be appeased but aggravated the more we surround ourselves with beauty products and fanatical devotees.

Girls today tend to objectify themselves, especially on a night out. However, whilst dressing up, looking good and feeling sexy is not wrong or demeaning, making yourself up to be somebody else, or to conform, is harmful.

The fact that there is a market for the vended straighteners is disconcerting but hardly surprising. The product itself is novel (and from one viewpoint useful), but is cashing in on a negative body image that seems to plague a majority of girls with anxiety and vulnerable self-worth.

The danger is that this machine will encourage this negativity by giving those girls who say they "can't live without their hair straighteners" the means to satisfy the nagging self-doubt that they will never get rid of. I can almost condone the narcissistic satisfaction of the machines' existence in clubs but if you can't go shopping without worrying about your hair then maybe you need help.



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Paws for some bear facts

Tom Roberts

LUSU Green Guy

Question: What do you have in common with a polar bear, a farmer, an islander, an insurer, and an Inuit? Answer: A lot more than you might think...

Tuesday the 5th of June was World Environment Day which focused upon the global repercussions of climate change. I know, what you're thinking "we've heard all this before, not more green mumbojumbo - wasn't it all a swindle?" Sadly, it isn't.

The Earth has warmed by approximately 0.75 °C since pre-industrial times. Eleven of the warmest years in the past 125 years occurred since 1990, with 2005 being the warmest on record. There is overwhelming consensus – over 1000 of the world's leading scientists agree that this is due to emissions of greenhouse gases, such as carbon dioxide (CO₂), from burning fossil fuels. Contrary to popular belief, our atmosphere is small. If we were to compress the gases of our atmosphere into liquid form they would amount to 1/500th of the oceans size.

A Polar bear...

Our Arctic home is warming twice as fast as the global average. Since 1980, between 20 and 30% of sea ice in the European Arctic has been lost. Now when we hunt seals, or try to make a den we end up in the sea! Life up here is hard, but with summer sea-ice in the Arctic set to completely disappear before the end of the century (unless things really change) us bears will have to grow gills!

A farmer...

In Botswana drought has never been very far away. But farming is getting harder by the year. What scares me and my community is that the scientists say that the little rainfall we do get will become even less! As warming increases, and our land becomes desert, our community will not be able to feed itself. We will become hungry refugees dependent upon the generosity of others.

An Islander...

Arjun Jana has lived the life of an environmental



refugee. He used to live on Lohachara island, in India's Sundarban islands where the Ganges and the Brahmaputra rivers empty into the Bay of Bengal. That was before the flood. In the past 100 years, scientists have told us that since 1992 global sea levels have risen by three millimetres a year – doesn't sound like much, but it's enough to make us homeless. Me and my family had to move onto Sagar. But the scientists say that we are still not safe as CO₂ is changing the climate and putting us at greater risk from flooding again.

An Insurer...

In 2005 the Munich Re Foundation estimated economic losses due to weather-linked disasters, such as, tropical storms and forest fires, at more than US\$ 200 billion, with insured losses at more than US\$ 70 billion. This compares with 2004, the previous most costly year, when economic losses totalled around US\$ 145 billion and insured losses reached some US\$ 45 billion. Climate change is happening and we're already paying for it.

An Inuit...

What happens in Britain affects us in the north. You may say that the expansion of London Stansted airport will play only a small part in increasing climate change, but everyone can say that about almost everything they do. It is an excuse for doing nothing. The result of that attitude would be catastrophic.

The Arctic is our home and homeland. The serious consequences affecting my people today will affect your people tomorrow. Is it too much to ask for some moderation for the sake of my people today and your people tomorrow? Climate change is not just a theory to us in the Arctic, it is a stark and dangerous reality. It is a matter of individual and cultural survival. It is a human issue. All we are asking is that our neighbours in the south greatly reduce their emissions of greenhouse gases. This does not need big sacrifices, but it will need some change in people's lifestyles. Is that plane trip really necessary?

You...

The impacts of climate change are felt globally but also locally. In the North West, the climate is set to get warmer and wetter with an increase in the

risk of storms, flooding and sea level rise. The Lune will be far more likely to flood. Warmer weather could also lead to mosquitoes with vector borne diseases such as the West Nile Virus coming into the country.

But I'm a student carrying out my studies – what can I possibly do about it?

On campus last year we used some 30,772,039 kwh – approximately £2.5 million worth of electricity. Of course we need power, but do we need to use quite so much of it? We can tackle climate change, if we act, now - together, by using and wasting less energy and thereby reducing the CO₂ emissions we are each responsible for.

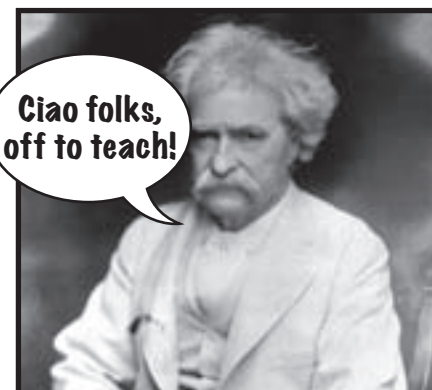
GreenLancaster was set up last year by LUSU and the University to help students and staff become more aware of their energy consumption and to help find solutions.

After "Climate barometer – turn off your monitor!" and "cut cover sheet campaign" another awareness raising initiative has been set-up. "The Energy Pledge". This highlighted 10 easy energy wins - from pledging to turn off lights and equipment (particularly phone chargers and computers), to only boiling the water you need, and purchasing green tariffs (to list but a few). Pledge cards were collected in boxes at key sites around campus and hundreds of students took part.

Lancaster City Green Councillor Ian McCulloch representing the University ward, said: "It is encouraging that our students recognise climate change and want to be part of the solution. It is great that GreenLancaster is beginning to help this to happen." McCulloch then drew out the lucky pledge winner, Ben Evans of Cartmel College.

Clearly, there is a lot still to do. But there is every reason to be optimistic. Our green officers are getting involved. The Estates team are improving the energy performance of our buildings, recruiting environment staff and looking into renewable energy options. And then there's all the first rate research and expertise that exists on campus which is as yet, sadly underutilised in tackling this issue. We need to think, how can I cut my carbon? It may seem trivial. It's not. It really does make a difference.

Ciao folks,
off to teach!



Mark Twain is away...

Recently I read that 66.6% of uni graduates go on to complete a PGCE or equivalent. Of those, 87% have previously said that they "will never become a teacher". In fact, they have in the past stated that they would do "anything but".

So why do these students complete the PGCE (or equivalent) if they are not going to use it to teach? Furthermore, if they do indeed go on to become teachers, what series of events results in such a U-turn? It seems that employers have, over the past 10 years, been meeting in secret to discuss plans known in the trade as 'Operation Teech' [sic] aiming to minimise the options of graduates, especially those with an Arts or Arts-related degree.

These employers have agreed, in principle, to immediately dispose of the CVs of applicants with such a degree history, however strong the candidate or their degree mark. This of course means that hundreds if not thousands of Arts (and Arts-related) graduates end up jobless. That was until one plucky graduate spotted a flaw or loophole in the employers' evil plan.

"A friend a mine", they told me, "applied for a teaching post in Crewe. It was about a year after we graduated and Arts (or Arts-related) graduates had started hanging out in big groups in city centres drinking Magners cider all day. No-one had even come close to getting a job".

All was about to change though. This friend, who had a BA in English Lit, got an interview for the post. And even though they didn't get it, a door had been opened. Suddenly Arts (or Arts-related) graduates were swarming towards ex-Polys and tertiary colleges in the hope of securing a place on a PGCE course (or equivalent).

Our friend ended up teaching real children in a real school just 14 months after his friend's initial success, and is now earning nearly as much as a senior nurse! He says he "fucking hates it" and that as soon as he's saved enough money (he still lives with his parents), he'll "go travelling- probably to Thailand or something". Of course, it's not all bad news. Amongst this proliferation of can't-be-arsed teachers there are 13% who are there for the kids - fingers crossed your child or is sibling gets one of these! Equally, if your city centre was one frequented by drunk 20-somethings reminiscing about 80s telly, pretty soon the group will be down to the bare bones (just ex-Philosophy students so I'm told, and apparently they don't want jobs).

So, if you are an Arts (or Arts-related) student and one of 33.3% of who aren't doing a PGCE (or equivalent), think very carefully about 'Operation Teech' [sic] and the dole queue, and maybe you too can switch sides and get a job. After all, those who can, teach. Editors Note: All statistics are made up. Any that are in fact correct are entirely coincidental.

• Missed the energy pledge? Go to the Energy Trust www.energysavingtrust.org.uk/commit

• Seen a fault that is wasting energy? Report it to planon@lancaster.ac.uk or go to <http://estates.lancs.ac.uk/EstatesFM/>

• Want to measure how much an appliance uses, get one of these: www.energyoptimizersdirect.co.uk

• Got an idea, or want to get more involved? Contact your Green Officer for your college, or come to the LUSU Green Committee meeting held bi-weekly on Wednesdays. Contact the current LUSU Green Officer R.gelling@lancaster.ac.uk

• For more info on GreenLancaster contact Tom Roberts LUSU environmental co-ordinator t.roberts1@lancaster.ac.uk

• Help the University sign up to the Go Green campaign: www.peopleandplanet.org/gogreen

Looks like Pimms o'clock

HIGH TONE
ACID DUB NUCLEIC
PETER WATT

Album

Dub-step has been haunting a few gauntlets in the south recently, however, the more the summer approaches, the more the sound seems to spread up north. As you might imagine the "dub" of dub-step implies a reggae influence, whereas the "step" possibly has links to the 90's rave scene "two-stepping".

Basically, that's the jist. The chilled trebles of reggae's little sister with a phat bastard brother of a bass to push the hippies, rude-boys and

rastas to a more aggressive movement.

Despite the UK potential for a dub-step appreciation society, it is France and Switzerland that holds the originators.

While *Four Tet* is a little too random for the 'digestive biscuit' public, and *DJ Visionary* may be too soft for the avid DnB fan, this French four piece, *High Tone*, execute a blend of samples that range King Tubby Beats, Rastafari preaching, and freaky sound-caps, all intertwined to create a sound as sick as it is therapeutic.

High Tone have been around since 1997, however have only

While Four Tet is a little too random for the 'digestive biscuit' public, and DJ Visionary may be too soft, this French four piece, High Tone, execute a blend of samples all intertwined to create a sound as sick as it is therapeutic.

been considered a band since 2001. Is this because of their signing or their sound?

To be honest the thought is incidental to a band that contrary simpleton belief that music is only "music" if the band play their own instruments.

Well, these guys play their own instruments, without taking anything away from the studio practice that is usually associated with such "dance acts".

Perfect for summer chillout if you don't mind getting an urban sweat on over your Pimms and lemonade.



Blonde on red

BLONDE REDHEAD
LIVE IN NOTTINGHAM
IAN 'GOTH BOY' KEYTE

Gigs

Music is supposed to be played loud; really fucking loud. Anyone who tells you otherwise is a liar.

Take New York trio *Blonde Redhead*'s new album '23', for example: It is an album packed full of soothing, ethereal melodies and lush, cinematic production, but it is only here, in Nottingham

Trent Uni's dungeon of a venue that they can be fully appreciated; where the songs come busting out of the speakers with such furious intensity that they grab you around the throat and throttle you into submission.

This was the third annual Dot to Dot Festival, but up to this point it had failed to live up to the standards of the previous two years. The day had started

badly, having to queue up in the pouring rain to get a wrist-band, surrounded by whinging scenesters who seem to think that they will dissolve in water. Luckily, however, there are several acts throughout the day that raise the spirits. Northampton electro-shoegazers *Maps* play a great mid-afternoon set and, as the evening progresses, both scouse songstress *Candie Payne* and eccentric Aussie popsters *Architecture in Helsinki* also turn in impressive performances.

It should be noted that the members of *Blonde Redhead* are neither blonde, nor redheads. In fact, the Pace brothers (Amedeo – guitar/vocals and Simone – drums) probably wouldn't thank me for pointing out that both of them actually display a distinct silver/grey colour these days. Testament, to the integrity of a band, then, that 12 years into their career, they can create an album like '23', that opens up their sound to a whole new range of people, marking a further progression from the band's moody no-wave sound, into a richer, more expressive sonic experimentation.

The dreamy mind-fuck of '23's title track provides a blistering slice of dizzy shoegaze that nods respectfully towards *My Bloody Valentine*, whilst angst-ridden

Pumpkins-esque rocker 'SW' also goes down well. It doesn't matter that the weather is miserable outside, or that the venue has all the ambience of a thermo-nuclear bomb shelter.

The band are almost as interesting visually as they are aurally. First there is Amedeo Pace, who punctuates the set with a series of furious twists and jerks, doing for skinny jeans what *Interpol* do for suits. But then, even more captivating, is foxy chataneuse, Kazu Makino, who's spine-tingling melodies and emotional lyrics, combined with her sensual, rhythmic dancing, provide enough sexual charge to blow the speakers.

'23', quite deservedly, gets the lion's share of the setlist, but the undoubted highlight is closing track 'Eqvvs' from 2004's 'Misery is a Butterfly'. It is a full-on, riff-heavy assault that Makino steers with her commanding, yet child-like vocals the words resonate in every direction, bringing the show to a euphoric climax. And with that, they're gone; a shy "thank you" and a blown kiss and we're back out in the driving rain with the melting scenesters, with ears that will remain ringing for the next three hours. But that's okay. That's the way it's supposed to be.

PIG DESTROYER
PHANTOM LIMB
METAL MARK

Album

As of today the new release from Virginia based art grind forerunners *Pig Destroyer* will be in the shops and then shortly **WILL be in your life. The schizophrenic structuring (blast beat laden tune Cemetery Road lasting a mere 50 seconds!), the paranoia inducing samples provided by the band's resident noise maestro Blake Harrison, and a constant aural battery make this album a devastating follow up to their last full length Terrifier.**

From the down beat grooves of *Deathtripper* to the violently paced and edgy percussively driven sprints of 'Thought Crime Spree', 'Lesser Animal' and title track 'Phantom Limb'.

This is not a band you can just like or say "they're alright". *Pig*

Destroyer push you're boundaries of acceptance, not just tolerance. The enigmatic album arrangement, the furiously breakneck changes in mood, texture and rhythm and the unrelenting aggression are what make this album cohere. It's what makes *Pig Destroyer* as important as they are to the grindcore genre. It doesn't matter what's normal, what you think something should sound like. J.R. Hayes (vocals) describes the music on 'Phantom Limb': "the most deranged metal songs we could come up with"... and that's exactly what they're offering you. Take it or leave it.

This is one necessary album to pick up this summer if your taste leans towards grindcore or death metal. With a total of 15 songs clocking in at just over 36 minutes 'Phantom Limb' is one hell of an adrenaline rush that no metalhead should be without.



SCAN Music LOVES Musical Diversity

Peter Watt
Music Editor

Musical Diversity, indeed. In last year's letters section of SCAN the editorial team got a slagging about their indie-loving antics. Now, a year on, it seems SCAN Music has come a long way since the Bailey-Shepherd upheaval of hair, arrogance and deplorable good looks.

SCAN Music fucking LOVES diversity. It was these open-minded sentiments that caught the Keyte-Watt eye on a poster entitled 'The Big Bash.' The promises of Metal, Rock, Electro, Acoustic and Jazz sounded like a

SCAN Music 2007 wet-dream. What elevated matters were the prospects of the gig taking place in the smoky enclosure of the mighty Yorkshire House, which, itself, screams of a diverse populace.

The first act on was Tim Corbett performing his satirical side-project, which, as he described in his introductory address for the evening, finds itself suffocated between black metal and acoustic. A suggestion of "Grey metal" was barked from a lout in the audience. Smirking through the last vapours of his cigarette Tim chucked his cig away and started strumming, leaving us with a sound that was akin to a

and dance are not in separate spheres of existence. SCAN Music proceeded to nod their heads in approval.

Kriss Foster should, by now, know how good he is. The guy is born and bred in Lancaster, and has graced many nights armed with no more than his acoustic guitar, harmonica, and execution of witty lyricism that leaves the dance floor vibrating in a chuckling unison. Like a group of hip-hop Mc's crowded around a rapper, the swarming Yorkshire House cheered at the punch-lines of his introspective lyrics that parody an array of taboos, from incest to appearing on Supermarket Sweep with the pop-culture persona of Dale Winton.

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The mixed bag of sounds experienced over the five hours in the Yorkie were enough to turn a waving jazz hand into a metal fist, a metal fist into a raving glow-stick, and a raving glow-stick to a skanking foot.

Foster tore the mood that had been built up from the previous two acts and proved the eclectic philosophy where all genres can exist together as long as the quality within their discipline is equal.

Next on were Myollnir. Already SCAN Music feels a certain acquaintance with this three-piece who have nonchalantly head-lined the Metal Mayhem series which has brought leather jackets and pitch-black hair to County Bar. In addition to this metal clan, Metal Mayhem also saw a few Yorkshire House regulars arrive. With

this in mind, one may say that Myollnir were on home soil tonight, however, out of pure professionalism, this took nothing from the raw sound of primitive drumming, scaling guitars and untreated vocals.

The solo performance from Corbett earlier in the evening gave us a tasty starter to this heavy main course, however, it was the accompaniment from his female counterpart, Dark Rachel, that provided a sense of vocal completion.

The aesthetics said it all; although Tim and Rachel were centre stage, the aggressive blur of

drummer Griff, behind them, was visually hypnotic as was the aural attack that came from his drum skins. It was the brutality of attitude and execution that shows the importance of the drummer in the band; keeping time as well as morale.

At the end of the night, we were left with a jazz band. It was when these guys took to the stage that the gallons of lager consumed over the evening took physical effect as everyone joined the dancefloor.

SCAN Music left the building sweaty, smoky and above all impressed. The mixed bag of sounds experienced over the five hours in the Yorkie were enough to turn a waving jazz hand into a metal fist, a metal fist into a raving glow-stick, and a raving glow-stick to a skanking foot. Musical Diversity... indeed!



Vincent Gallo soundtrack, where the absence of heavy drumming, usually associated with Myollnir, left the vocals to screech on their lonesome adding to the substance of the lyrics. Despite the performance standing unaided as a piece of originality, a taste was given for what was to come later, when the front-man was joined by his band-mates Griff and Dark Rachel.

Next on were the electronica act Slaves to the Programme. From the high-tone introduction to the following bass intrusion, the sparse array of instrumentation left the room in the state of a Mighty Boosh infected trip. Short and sweet, the boys brought proof to the notion that rock



Singles

Singles

Girls On Film: Break/Girls on Film/Waxes Dargle
Joe Beech

Soon to be released as a generous helping of downloadable audio action on indie clatterpop label The Little Hellfire Club comes a fusion of Pixies, Pogues and Kenickie in a delightfully vicious wailing duet of apparent drunken tomfoolery. Two guys, two instruments and more adrenaline than Dolph Lundgren. Shamon.



Plastic Toys: Let Me Feel The Love
Peter Watt

Hmmm, the 80's flash back! Where Manson seemed to pull it off in 1998 with 'Mechanical Animals', these novices have failed miserably. 'Glam' does not have to mean sleazy words sung under a false pretence of passion, while scaling guitars add nothing to the swagger of your self-fulfilled charisma! Utter shite!



Bowling For Soup: Again And Again
Joe Beech

Pop punk fuckers Bowling For Soup have a go at covering Fergie's hit 'London Bridge' in a highly unoriginal rendition that is just unlikely in every way. It's also about as punk rock as Paul O'Grady to add insult to injury and is predictably linear in its approach to a punk-rock cover. Bloody kids!



*good luck to all
final year students*



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BIFFY CLYRO
LIVE AT LEEDS MET
ROWAN SMITH

Gigs

The SCAN music team descended on the night's host city laced in alcohol and brimming with pre-gig schoolboy-like excitement. The first round of snakebites at the venue sadly offered a more scintillating warm-up than was offered by Frank Turner, the ex-Million Dead lead singer turned folkie guitarist. This could though perhaps be put down more to our love of the drink, than to Turner's diehard fan pleasing set.

Main support act *yourcodenameis:milo* constituted a well suited outfit to complement the headlining Scots as they employ wall-of-sound melodies similar to their contemporaries. Privileging the crowd with single 'Understand', they also blasted out favourite '17' and ended on past anthem 'All Roads To Fault'.

It was an excellent slot, passionately fronted by the bespectacled Mullen (sporting new heavy white framed glasses) and backed musically by a thundering bass section, fearsome yet heart-warming guitars and solid, Geordie drums.

Preceded by what felt like an agonising eternity, the headliners made a winning opening. Any Biffy gig that starts off with the almighty '57' is sure to be special. The Glaswegian trio indeed stormed through a 20-song set list, spanning their impressive career whilst taking time to showcase a couple of gems from their new LP.

Recent singles 'Saturday Superhouse'

and 'Living Is A Problem Because Everything Dies' were executed with new levels of rawness and energy that left the crowd almost floored by the majesty of Simon Neil and the Johnston twins' performances.

What I wish to convey, but inevitably will hardly come close to capturing in this review, is the unfaltering, utter loyalty and adoration Biffy fans have for the band.

Not just expressible in the devoted chants of "Mon the Biff", but also in the tangible connection that is felt without fail at their live shows; not only between the stage and the pit, but also between fellow gig-goers themselves. The beauty of Biffy Clyro is how they've amassed such a genuine and growing fan base who share their frustration, pain and love of life and the music.

This amounts to an inevitably powerful chemistry live in concert, and the rousing 'Glitter and Trauma', 'Liberate The Illiterate' and 'Justboy' encapsulated an existence-affirming experience. The band were joined onstage in this leg of the tour by Oceansize guitarist Mike Vennart who added even greater depth to new material such as 'Get Fucked Stud'.

The experience was brought to an end by the demon-possessed vocal screams of 'There Is No Such Thing As A Jaggy Snake', with its inescapably venue-eclipsing guitar parts, and, as usual, Biffy Clyro had amazed, inspired and without question proved that they are both incredible musicians as well as the best mentors in life you're ever likely to have.

'Mon the Biffy!

BIFFY CLYRO
PUZZLE
WILL VEITCH

Album

Although many of you reading this review may have heard of Biffy Clyro, few of you will own any of their albums. In fact, four album releases since their brilliant debut 'Blackened Sky' (back in 2002), the band still struggle to sell out venues as small as Leeds Metropolitan University Union.

The support they do have though is rabid, and on the basis of new album 'Puzzle', entirely justified.

Opener 'Living Is A Problem Because Everything Dies' utilises an almost orchestral introduction before moving into more traditional Biffy-fayre. In fact, it is Biffy Clyro's singular sound which is both the root of Biffy's success and their downfall; with few if any immediate peers they don't sit comfortably in any scene and as a result tour with some less than appropriate bedfellows.

Were it not for singer Simon Neil's Scottish lilt, Biffy would almost sound American, such is the confidence of their sound. It is a sound though which is notoriously difficult to pin down.

Obviously influenced by scene pioneers such as Weezer and *Sunny Day Real Estate* and often cited by music journos as 'the new Nirvana' (isn't everyone!?) they have a melodic rock angst that allows choruses and verses alike to be chanted straight back at them during their incendiary live shows.

'Puzzle' though comes off the back of arguably Biffy Clyro's worst album, 2004's 'Infinity Land'. This is, however, like saying that 'Titus Andronicus' is Shakespeare's worst play. The truth is of course he didn't write a bad play and nor do Biffy release a bad album. What is important is that if you enjoyed 'Infinity Land's left-field charms, you will fucking love 'Puzzle'. And if you didn't, chances

are 'Puzzle' will ignite, or reiterate your love of Biffy anyway.

From the powerful 'Saturday Superhouse' through the haunting 'As Dust Dances' to the storming 'Get Fucked Stud' and poignant 'Folding Stars', 'Puzzle' is one of the most complete albums I've ever heard, and I am not hyperbolizing. After what has been the most minimal and slow decline, Biffy have steadied their already stable ship and produced an album which is hard to ignore.

Maybe following this will come the world domination they deserve. Either way, Biffy Clyro will continue to make incredible guitar music for those who love them, and all the while people will join for the ride. Don't be scared of getting on now, four albums in. Just be glad you've got on before the majority of the music-public have; 'Puzzle' is the missing piece in your musical education.



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Get It Loud in the Library

GET IT LOUD

BAT FOR LASHES SUPPORTED BY KATE WALSH

LANCASTER LIBRARY

Gigs

Hannah Cornforth

Lancaster's local library holds music gigs! For those of you who knew that already, you are among the privileged few who know that Lancaster's unlikeliest music venue has already played host to some pretty amazing intimate gigs in recent months. Already the Library, located in an old building next to the less-than-glamorous Woolworths in Lancaster city, has had the awesome Long Blondes and Mr. Hudson and the Library (aptly named) amongst other great up-and-coming bands, whose CDs

The doubt had not dissipated half-way through the set and it wasn't helped by Khan encouraging the front row of the audience to assist her with a song by emitting wolf howls. A friend turned to me and said, "This is getting surreal now."

can be found in a HMV near you.

For those of you who didn't already know, let me fill you in – in an attempt to change the classic image of libraries, (quiet, musty-smelling places occupied by tweed-wearing types) libraries and musicians have united, with musicians doing 'Library tours', culminating in friendly, personal gigs with local audiences genuinely delighted to have great music in their local vicinity, at just £4 a ticket.

The latest feature was *Bat for Lashes*, (who were on Channel 4's *Transmission* with Steve Jones recently) supported by Kate Walsh, a singer-songwriter living in Brighton. Her voice is incredible and caused this reviewer to get goosebumps through the entire first song. If you don't believe me, check it out at <http://www.myspace.com/katewalsh>.

Bat for Lashes is the stage name for the very lovely Natasha Khan, plus her band of accomplished musicians, Ginger Lee, Abi Fry and Lizzie Carey, who produce a sound that is more orchestral than one would have thought possible from a mere four-piece.

Yet, the four women were wearing golden headbands, and lots of glitter, reminiscent of 1920's 'flappers' or the Abba girls. I am not a fan of Abba anyway, so when Natasha pulled out a string of bells and started speaking in breathy French, I inwardly cringed.

They clapped the rhythm and shook bells and tambourines: the seldom-used phrase, 'hippy-Pagan/17th Century folk' popped

into mind, and the collective doubt from the eclectic mix of the Library audience was palpable, especially when 'Horse and I' was announced as one of the song titles.

In an attempt to change the classic image of libraries, (quiet, musty-smelling places occupied by tweed-wearing types) libraries and musicians have united. Musicians are now doing 'Library tours', culminating in friendly, personal gigs with local audiences genuinely delighted to have great music in their local vicinity, at just £4 a ticket.

The doubt had not dissipated half-way through the set and it wasn't helped by Khan encouraging the front row of the audience to assist her with a song by emitting wolf howls. A friend turned to me and said, "This is getting surreal now."



During the song, Natasha and Abi banged on the same drum and re-shook their bells alongside haunting chants; it felt as if we'd stumbled upon teenage girls in a music practice room at school – the type who like playing with Ouija boards and drawing unicorns on their school books. Yet it must be said, the drums, bells and chants, although sometimes OTT, were effective, if perhaps more appropriate for musical theatre.

Having been scathing, I must add that the funny thing is, they won me over. *Bat For Lashes* are multi-talented, frequently swapping instruments between songs, and the set was incredibly layered, with violins, bass guitar, piano and a very old, (1890's) marxophone, (looks a bit like a guitar without a neck).

Roughly half-way through the set, they performed 'The Wizard' – Kate's vocals were

dazzling – and from then on, I found myself casting aside my reservations about excess glitter and enjoying the set.

Perhaps all their chanting had some subliminal effect because after the encore, the queue to buy *Fur and Gold*, the debut album, was impressively long and the general buzz from the audience was overwhelmingly positive.

Natasha Khan smiled, signed CDs and posed for photographs with small children, and my friend, who'd found it all a bit weird and surreal earlier, was one of the first in the queue to buy the album.

Look out for future gigs at the Library, as *The Thrills* are playing on the 18th June, and more dates are expected to be announced soon. Check out further details at www.myspace.com/getitloudinlibraries.



Singles

Singles

Art Of Dying: Get Through This

Metal Mark

'Get Through This' is a nothing-out-of-the-ordinary wireless friendly release from this Canadian quintet tipped to be one to watch in 2007. Sticking to the North American pop rock handbook like bluebottles to flypaper, Art Of Dying'll secure airtime... for now. Nonetheless, I pre-emptively bid thee adieu. Kerrang will follow shortly.



Air: Mer Du Japon

Joe Beech

Nowt like a bit of Air to reaffirm my faith in chill out music, the latest single following from the Japanese culture influence of 'Talkie Walkie', with smooth jazz piano, a tranquilizing recurrent bass groove and smooth-ass French vocals. If nothing else it's a great track to kick back and wind down to.



Kid Acne: Worst Luck

Peter Watt

This guy is slick. Where Mike Skinner tried to cross the pond in a direct address of the American gun issue on his latest album, Kid Acne keeps it focussed; he chats of Fray Buentos pies to ugly girls from Rugby. He also has two phones like a drug dealer. What more do you want from a northern MC?





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Little Miss, Big Hit

LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE

STARRING GREG KINNEAR, TONI COLLETTE STEVE CARELL & ALAN ARKIN
ANDREW BAIN

DVD

At first glance *Little Miss Sunshine* looks like one of those films that could go either way. The plot is this: a little girl is obsessed with the idea of competing in a beauty pageant, and her poor but kooky and loving family have to somehow make it across America in a malfunctioning campervan to the competition.

It sounds like clichéd stuff, and this was clearly a danger with the film but somehow the performances and tone mould the experience into one of utter enjoyment rather than the teeth-grinding embarrassment common to most of these types of films.



Through elements of pathos and dark humour, the film manages to be both sad and funny. The 'issues' dealt with are generally the addictions and obsessions of the family, perfectly illustrated in a montage (a good kind of montage, not the bad *Karate Kid* kind), where each family member is shown with their problems; the grandfather taking drugs and the silent teenage boy compulsively doing press-ups.

The threads of these individual problems are woven together through the main motif of the road trip, and the film becomes one of a family unit coming together, but again in a mostly cheese-free fashion.

Overall, this has to be put down to some excellent casting and performances.

Toni Collette is completely believable as the not-quite-together mother, and the little girl (Abigail Breslin) is just cute



enough to be lovable but is never grating.

The suicidal uncle, played by the magnificent Steve Carell, and a beautifully understated performance by Paul Dano as serious brother Dwayne, add that necessarily sharper edge of more thoughtful characters, and provide a

perfect foil to the sequined monsters of the beauty pageant at the end, showing just how well thought out each part of the film is.

As a whole, *Little Miss Sunshine* is just one of those great cinematic experiences. Only the stoniest heart could leave the film feeling completely unaffected, and

it's not often that this can be said about a film that won't make you want to curl into a ball of embarrassment.

Its appeal is to everyone, and its audience should be you, so if you haven't seen it then give it a try- this is one road trip movie that is actually worth a look.

Bringing action to the Boyle

SUNSHINE

STARRING CILLIAN MURPHY, DIRECTED BY DANNY BOYLE
JEMMA SMITH AT THE DUKES

Cinema

Considering Danny Boyle directed *The Beach* and *28 Days Later* I have to admit I expected more from his latest offering. Although

the idea should make a good action/sci-fi film just past the mid point Boyle's execution falters and the plot descends into farce.

Fifty years on and the sun is dying, so mankind lives in permanent winter. A crew of eight astronauts and scientists, financed by the global community, attempt to reignite the

dying sun: All very interesting so far. The level of immediacy is reflected in the opening where Boyle smacks the audience with a startling shot of the captain gazing, with computer filters, straight at the sun.

Despite this starting hook it is easy to see all is not well as the characters have short conversations about their thoughts on death, just to pre-empt the later catastrophe. That is, of course, if the fact the ship's called *Icarus 2* wasn't enough for you to figure that out.

The crew stumble upon *Icarus 1* and decide to use its bomb to augment their own; this is where the farce begins. A badly burnt stowaway is discovered on board *Icarus 2* and he sets off on a slasher rampage killing half the crew. The invasion by a Freddy Krueger look-a-like confuses the plot and sidelines the actual mission.

Very little screen time in *Sunshine* is actually devoted to the major

characters. Capa, (Cillian Murphy) the physicist and protagonist, barely communicates with the other characters. The rest of the crew are so rigidly aligned to their specific roles they appear quite robotic. Michelle Yeoh, the biologist who tends to the oxygen plants, hardly exists outside of 'the garden'.

Greater emphasis is placed on the visual elements which are, admittedly, amazing, but a consequence of this was I had no overall investment because I cared nothing for the characters.

Yes, *Sunshine* has a topical message and has produced something fairly original and fast-paced, but it just didn't tick nearly enough boxes.

If you want a fast-paced thriller with wonderful cinematography and a cameo from a Freddy Krueger look-a-like, *Sunshine* could be just up your street.



On the spine where you live

Theatre

My FAIR LADY
NUFFIELD THEATRE
LUTG

Jenny Shelton

My Fair Lady is a film I have watched only half of. Not being a huge advocate of musicals, nor a great optimist when it comes to the threadbare theatre offered in Lancaster, it was refreshing and enjoyable to experience this production of the play in a real theatre, unlike the minimalist box room of the Dukes.

LUTG put on around nine performances a year and have two more up-and-coming productions before the end of term: *Twelfth Night* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Seeing a LUTG play is a must, and *My Fair Lady* showed me why.

As a play acted by students and watched by students, the sense of comradeship within the Nuffield on the 7th, 8th and 9th of June was unmistakable. Seeing a play like this leaves barely any barrier between

the stage and the auditorium. Friends are recognised through grizzly wigs, the faces of the characters are seen around campus the next day. I would certainly recommend taking up any opportunity of seeing another LUTG production for the unique experience which it offers.

The acting talent was strong in *My Fair Lady*, and the details of each character were boldly presented.

With such a youthful cast, a certain amount of premature aging was necessary in this play where older characters feature strongly. The drawn-on wrinkles did not always convince, but Clem Silverman seemed to find himself at home in the wonderful walk and talk of the aged Colonel Pickering which he delivered to great acclaim.

Even more outstanding was 'Tall' Paul Sellwood, whose dynamic portrayal of Mr Doolittle may put Justin Hawkin's place in *The Darkness* in jeopardy.

As a musical, one would expect a certain amount of vocals and a

spot of dancing. The voice of Aisling Ridge reached all four corners of the theatre; powerful and rich. Others were weaker, but altogether the show was vocally impressive. Dances were vibrant and enthusiastic and a delight to watch, especially in the case of the three cockney 'ladettes', whose duckin-an-diving was certainly something for the Artful Dodger to aspire to.

The weakest point was certainly the technical side of the production, and a confused beginning led to several more glitches later on. Yet, the cast worked admirably through the occasional misplaced disco lighting and an unfairly slippery floor, which added at least to the warm, community spirit of the show.

The play had a slow start, and being close to three hours in length was perhaps too long, but in remaining true to the classic story LUTG can't really be held responsible for this.

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Billy the kid

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE THUNDERBOLT KID

AUTHOR: BILL BRYSON
HANNAH CORNFORTH

Books

Bill Bryson, perhaps the most famous and successful travel writer of our time, has recently penned an autobiography – a travel through his childhood, which, to be brutally honest, is uneventful.

He grew up in a fairly affluent household, yet his parents'

eccentricities provided more than enough humour to fill his book. In *The Thunderbolt Kid*, Bryson recounts his adventures in 1950s suburban America, specifically in Des Moines, Iowa.

Nevertheless, Bryson's childhood seemed remarkably familiar to me – and the universality of his experience is this book's major charm. One of the funniest passages centres on Bryson's description of his well-meaning but ultimately extremely forgetful mother, who seems breezily ignorant of the sometimes-dire consequences of her lapses of cranial activity.

I found myself giggling uncontrollably at many of the incidents recounted by Bryson (to my shame often in public places) and to my surprise the stories that often caused the greatest hilarity were based around bodily functions. Bryson has a gentle way of letting even the

most reserved reader see the funny side of lavatorial wit.

Interestingly however, whilst being this candid in his accounts of the toe-curlingly embarrassing incidents subjected on him by his parents, Bryson conceals his own emotional development, remaining as unknown yet amiable as his picture on the inside cover. The old adage that the comedian uses humour as defence, may in fact in this case be true.

Bryson's writing is refreshingly optimistic in a cynical age, and his ability to see the absurd in everything is wholly uplifting. A number of high street retailers are currently selling the paperback version of this wonderful autobiography at half price so go and grab a copy. I swear I'm not on commission.

On the wild side

SCOTT WALKER: 30 CENTURY MAN

STARRING DAVID BOWIE, JARVIS COCKER, BRIAN & STING
JEMMA SMITH AT THE DUKES

Film

Scott Walker: 30 Century Man explores Scott's musical career from his days with the Walker Brothers to his transformation into a composer and outstanding solo artist.

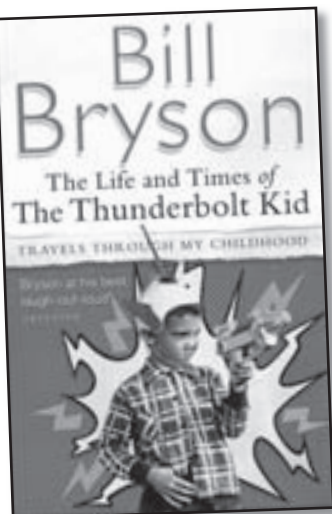
Similarly to Kate Bush and Bjork, Scott Walker has suffered from societal categorisation. Many years have passed without an album release from him and thus he is often seen as a recluse rather than recognised for his genius. This film acknowledges his sporadic musical releases but simultaneously dispels the myth to locate the man. Thus by the end of the film Walker is resituated into musical consciousness.

Mingle with interviews from fans and collaborators such as David Bowie, Radiohead, Damon Albarn and Jarvis Cocker the film really offers a broad perspective to this elusive figure. The interviewees

also celebrate his music both as a product of its time and also as a timeless work of genius.

Although Walker's later work may sometimes elude the mainstream it is lazy to simply call it weird or quirky: Scott Walker 30 Century Man really showcases this musician's longevity and brilliance.

Furthermore the film includes exclusive footage of Walker's latest album *The Drift* which gives a wonderful insight into the bizarre mechanics often involved in Walker's music manufacturing. Scott Walker is an artist who has inspired god-like idolatry in his fans give this film a try and you will definitely see why.



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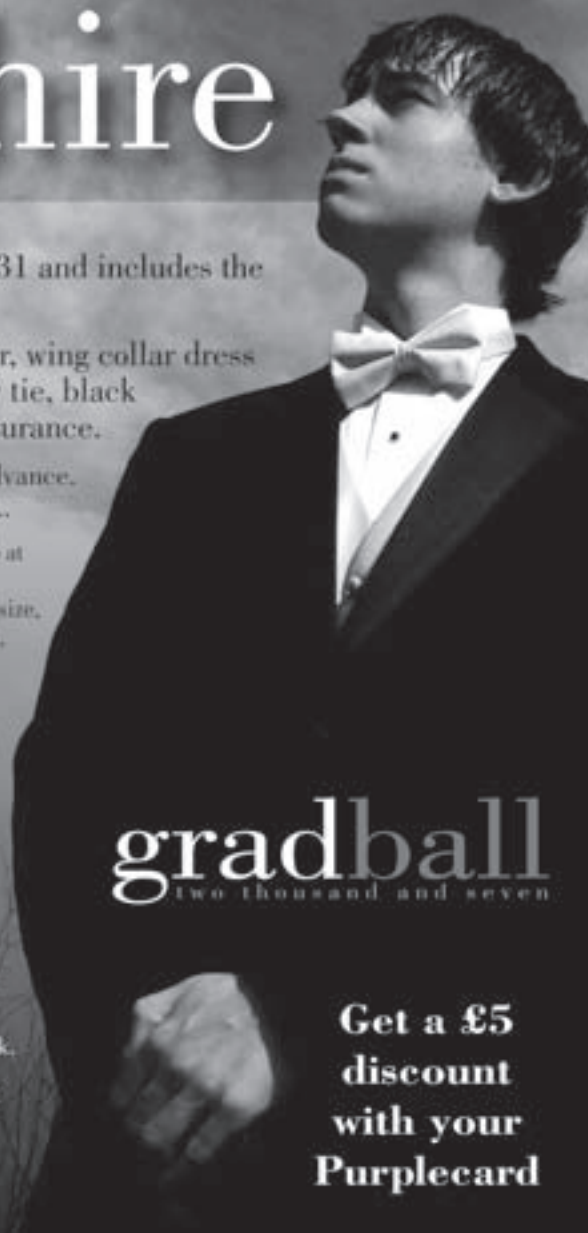
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Ocean's 13: Unlucky for some

Simon Fogg
Lord of Features

Much like the result of letting Jim Carrey loose in a jazz bar, all cool things have the potential to be butchered. Imagine the scene: the room is softly lit, and smoke tickles the air. The music is delicate, which indicates that there is something underneath waiting to explode. You hold onto your martini glass a touch tighter because of this, but still inhale the atmosphere from your suit with relish.

This time the poseurs are out for personal vengeance instead of just stealing stuff for shits and giggles.

This is style over substance and is luxuriant to the senses. Suddenly, he blasts through the door with excitable eyes and orders a Woo Woo with eight oversized umbrellas and a full pineapple on the side. As soon as his arms begin to flail, the cool is ruined. You look down into your tumbler of whiskey, and it tells you that this is one of the two ways to destroy something suave. It also tells you that Ocean's 13 found the other.

Thankfully, Jim Carrey is not in this film, but despite this an initial advantage in this field it still falls flat. This is ironically the third of the Hollywood summer threequels that I have seen, and I can tell you now that it is better than *Spiderman 3*.

On the other hand, it is not as good as *Pirates of the Caribbean 3*. That film received a lot of negative reviews due to its apparent glorification of piracy, convoluted plot, and poorly defined characters. People have neglected that this was the point. It doesn't glorify piracy; it mocks our fancy dress perceptions of it. Pirates screwed each other over; they were ruthless bastards. That's why the heroes in the film don't feel like heroes and why the plot becomes confusing. We were unsettled because we couldn't handle something that sinister alongside Orlando Bloom's relentless mincing. It was a bold move for a Disney film, and even though the final product was self-indulgent, I think it took the concept to a new level. *Ocean's 13* is full of well-dressed modern pirates, but it takes the opposite approach to innovation.

This is a style over substance trilogy. We ignore the fact that we are watching thieves because they are courteous, witty, groomed, and wealthy. They look like celebrities, and outside of the role they could still afford to have you killed. I don't remember much about *Ocean's 11* and *Ocean's 12* except how they were as smoothly executed as the heists they depicted. Indeed, the presentation may seem shallow, but the lure of aesthetics is a tactic used on both the audience and within the film by the characters. George

Clooney, Brad Pitt, and Matt Damon (or it could be Ben Affleck?) exchanging banter, looking good, and making use of their seemingly endless financial resources will end in

somebody's pocket being emptied; either on screen or in the cinema.

The first weakness this time round though is the plot. Only about five minutes is dedicated to the set up.

A true test of their aesthetics would be to invite them to this year's Gradball. If they feel moved to turn up to The Sugarhouse in anything other than jeans and a polo shirt, they are hardcore. There is an excess of large collars and sunglasses here, but that is supposed to add to the effect. These people are cooler than you. The problem now is that they have realised it.

It seems that one of Ocean's gang (the one who played Ross' Dad in *Friends*) has been screwed over by a casino owner played by Al Pacino (who is not as good as he should be).

This time then, the poseurs are out for personal

vengeance instead of just stealing stuff for shits and giggles. Suddenly we are dropped head first into the planning of the heist where people climb up elevator shafts for no reason, and everybody apart from the audience knows fully what is going on.

I would have liked a bit more background, and also a bit more actual revenge. Apart from rigging a few slot machines, nabbing some diamonds and simulating an earthquake the group doesn't really achieve much. Granted, the aim was to embarrass a megalomaniac and prove his fallibility, but the ending is a bit of an anticlimax. No doubt it took little more than a shower for their victim to realise he was still rich and that he had the means to screw over somebody else later that evening. Cloontang (watch *American Dad*) and his boys are much better at sabotage than this, surely?

Although the plot may seem a little pointless, ultimately it is the lack of charm which screws this film. Strangely, everything is in place. The cast, the dialogue, and the chemistry is all spot on, but they feel empty, contrived and sterile (in that order). The strongest thing going for the experience is the impressive range of menswear on display. Indeed, some of the suits are just glorious. Derek Zoolander would definitely be proud. It is quite entertaining to watch Brad Pitt and co turn up at the most inappropriate occasions wonderfully overdressed.

A true test of their aesthetics would be to invite them to this year's Gradball. If they feel

moved to turn up to The Sugarhouse in anything other than jeans

and a polo shirt, they are hardcore. There is an excess of large collars and sunglasses here, but that is supposed to add to the effect. These people are cooler than you. The problem now is that they have realised it.

This is what I disliked about the film. Apart from the fact that Eddie Izzard is incredibly annoying, there are not that many reasons to slam this movie, except the paradox of coolery.

Of course, you can't be cool if you know you are, or if you are trying too hard to be so. The predecessors' effect came from the casual insouciance exhibited by both the actors and the director. *Ocean's 13* tries to recreate it a third time, and although it presses all the right buttons, it presses them in the wrong order. The routine just doesn't work for me this time around.

Ocean's 13 is full of well dressed modern pirates, but it takes the opposite approach to innovation.

Of all the reviews I have read, the only point that the critics find fault with is that the film requires you to suspend your disbelief. This is true, but so did the first two. The difference is that you were willing to do it for those films because they lured you with their charisma. Now the routine is spurious.

By all means go and see this, if just to improve your taste in clothes. It hasn't dropped to Jim Carrey levels of awkwardness, but don't expect Cloontang and co. to bewitch that money out of your pocket quite so easily this time.



Bowland scoop Founders victory

Chris Hughes

The fourth annual Founders Series began slowly on the Friday night with the Lonsdale bar quiz. Unfortunately the turn out for the event wasn't what was expected with only four teams showing from Lonsdale and six teams from Bowland.

The Saturday is always the day for football and first up was the women's match.

A hard fought contest between two determined sets of girls saw Bowland come out on top after goals from Bowland star Jo Traynor and

good defensive cover from Bowland President Janie Coleman. Bowland's momentum carried on into the Men's C team match, which saw Lonsdale take the lead early on before Simon Lynass and Bryan (who have been described as the Ronaldo and Rooney of the C Team) combined up front to seal a 5-2 victory for Bowland.

The momentum then swung back towards Lonsdale with deserved victories in both the B's and the A's football to bring the score to 9-7.

The focus shifted back towards women's sport and netball. In a hard fought contest Bowland just edged it winning with a good run in the final quarter, the final score being 15-9.

In the widely anticipated Chess match between both Presidents, Sebastian Negreira took the win, however Janie Coleman put up a good fight exclaiming "That wasn't bad considering I haven't played chess since Primary School!"

The evening's bar sports took place in Bowland where darts took the main stage. The women's darts team played well with a convincing win over Lonsdale, followed by an equally fantastic performance from Men's darts, with Bowland again taking the victory. Lonsdale however

came back in full force, with an impressive triumph in dominoes. The overall score by the end of day two was 19-8 to Bowland, however there was every chance that Lonsdale could pull back for the win on the final day of the series.

Sunday morning saw Bowland at the Sports Hall and Lonsdale apparently "still in bed" thus resulting in two events unfortunately being forfeited. Lonsdale failed to turn out teams for both Cricket and Basketball, earning Bowland an extra 2 points. However the rest of the afternoon saw some fierce competition with Bowland achieving a win in Rounders, the score being 2 & 1/2 to 2.

It was at this point it was clear Bowland had secured their victory over the 2007 series leading with 25-8. Yet Lonsdale came back in spectacular fashion with the Rugby, after what only can be described as a dramatic performance, Lonsdale pipped Bowland to the post winning with a score of 19-17. The event was the highlight of the weekend, with both colleges turning out



impressive and determined teams, bringing the overall score to 25-12. The series finale took place in Lonsdale bar with wins for Bowland in both the Boat Race and Men's Pool. Lonsdale Women's Pool team played exceptionally well, and pipped Bowland to the winning post.

In the widely anticipated Chess match between both Presidents,

Sebastian Negreira took the win, however Janie Coleman put up a good fight for an amateur, exclaiming "that wasn't bad considering I haven't played chess since Primary School".

The final score was 30-17 and was a highly deserved and impressive victory once again for Bowland College.

BOWLAND	30
LONSDALE	17

Fun in the sun for hockey boys

Will Veitch
Assistant Editor

Each summer Lancaster University Men's Hockey Club organise an internationally renowned event to which they invite various other clubs and universities. Despite being hailed as, 'the best of the best' in male sport with entries going out far and wide, only five squads entered this year's gruelling tournament; two 'Old Boys' teams (Lancaster University alumni), a combined Morecambe and St Martin's team, and a 'Team South' and 'Team North' (also referred to as 'Team Affluence' and 'Team Poverty') of current LUMHC players.

The format is simple- bring a BBQ, bring some beer and bring your hockey kit if you want a game. Exams are (mostly) over as the tournament is played at the end of week seven so it is a chance to kick back and spend

time with team-mates for one of the last weekends of sporting prowess. Each team played each other once, with players from other teams umpiring the matches. The team with the best record when all matches are completed is then declared the winner.

This year's tournament was played in good spirits, and with the day being an absolute scorcher there was little running around, especially considering Summer Tournament is 9-a-side instead of the traditional 11-a-side. An incident involving a bag of tuna and another regarding some 'inconsistent' umpiring directed against one lad could do nothing to stop everyone having lots of fun in what could be the last time they play together in University colours.

With the heat a huge factor there were a glut of 0-0 draws and with no extra-time, these matches went straight to penalty flicks, the hockey equivalent of a penalty shoot-out. Needless to say there was plenty of goading during these, especially after one of the Old Boys' keepers celebrated a great

save only to see the ball spin back into the goal behind him.

In the end, the Morecambe/St Martin's team won but then they were taking it the most seriously and the match that most people had come to see had been over a while back. Team North had won the original Regional Divide match earlier in the season but sadly on Summer Tournament day they just failed to turn up

(probably trouble up mill or down mine). Team South strolled to a 2-0 victory and the cries of "Southern fairies!" were drowned out by the shouts of "See! That's what money does for you! Go back to your council houses!" (All in good nature of course).

What with it also being Founders Series weekend, turnout could have been higher, and the

amount of first-year exams in week eight also showed in the number of Freshers turning up, but it was great to see a lot of ex-Lancaster players down. It is perhaps the only time each year when they can get back together and relive former glories.

As I strolled back up the hill, hot, tired and tanned, I reflected on what an excellent idea this weekend is. Another year, when

institutions such as York and UCLan turn up, it could be really fantastic and really deserving of uni-wide support. For the meantime it just remains to thank the St John's Ambulance ladies for sitting around all day in the heat just in case something happened, and to the organisers, Edward Baggins and Craig Charles, for a good fun summer Saturday.



Athletic Union Annual Awards 2007

Continued from back page

Following on from the initial speeches, it was time for the main ceremony itself to get underway, with awards firstly being distributed for the twenty events that make up the Carter Shield. Inter-college chairs Sue Wynes and James Marengi spoke eloquently about each of the events and invited the winning captains to come forward and collect their silverware.

More than half of the awards on offer were claimed by members of either Bowland or Fylde – with the two colleges having disputed the leadership of the overall standings for much of the year. Particularly loud cheers accompanied any awards to Bowland, showing how the main focus of sporting achievement at Lancaster has now shifted towards a new powerhouse college after years of Fylde domination. There were also three awards for Pendle, two each for Lonsdale and County, and a single victory for Cartmel. This left Grizedale – overall Carter Shield winners only two years ago – amongst three colleges without a single trophy. A further notable admission was made during the presentation of the Rugby Sevens trophy – an event that attracted some controversy after many colleges failed to attend their matches in the misguided belief that the event had been cancelled – with Wynes acknowledging that things “didn’t go to plan”.

The events that make up the George Wyatt competition were the next to be recognised, with Pendle Dominoes team looking particularly resplendent in their suits as they were the first to be invited to the stage. The dominance of Bowland again shone through, with the college taking the men’s darts, women’s pool and men’s pool B team leagues – the latter coming as something of a shock to Furness who were credited with 16,100 points in the programme



Photo by Jen Dugdale

accompanying the event. The women’s darts trophy was awarded to County, whilst Graduate claimed their one success of the afternoon in the men’s A team pool.

The inter-college netball and football trophies were then awarded, with Furness’ Laura Gibbins leading her team up to collect the silverware, which has now resided in Furness for three of the past four years. The trophy in the men’s Football A League went to Pendle, whilst Fylde B’s enjoyed an undefeated campaign to claim their division. The inter-college football league cup also went to Pendle, who beat Lonsdale in the final.

The main shields for the two inter-college tournaments were then handed over to Bowland, with the George Wyatt award adding to the Carter Shield that they already held from 2006. Fylde received a runners-up award in recognition of their efforts in the Carter Shield, in which they were pipped by a small margin for the second consecutive year.

Proceedings then continued on to the presentation of the Mike Speak Award, which went to Clare Wyndell in recognition of her contribution to table tennis. The award – founded

by a Sports Centre Director – was last awarded in 2004, so it is a tribute to Wyndell’s contribution that she should have been proposed by the AU executive for this accolade.

AU President Dave Greenshields then took over proceedings to invite members of the six Lancaster teams that have won their national BUSA leagues to receive their trophies. The women’s hockey 1st and 2nd teams, men’s hockey 2nd team, men’s tennis 1st and 2nd teams and the women’s volleyball team all came forward to receive adulation and to pose for photographs with Greenshields, whose strained grin made him resemble a constipated Rob Brydon. Members of each of these squads can now look forward to testing their sporting mettle at a higher level next season following their respective promotions.

With events building to a climax, the focus shifted onto individual performance with the awarding of Half and Full Colours. Full Colours are given for outstanding achievement or representation at a regional or county level and were handed out to Heather Cresswell and Rachel Sullivan (both rugby union), Tom Lever (rugby league), Fred Greenall (powerlifting) and Jonathan Morgan (karate). On receiving his award, Greenall told SCAN that

he was “really pleased” and had never imagined that he would achieve such recognition, having only taken up the sport on arriving at university four years ago. He now goes forward to represent Great Britain in the European and World Championships later this year. Half Colours were additionally awarded to Anthony Davies (hockey) along with the remainder of the karate squad that achieved a bronze medal at the BUSA Nationals – Jonathon Morgan, Laurence Livermore, Boris Finch, Becky Clark and Chris Grunwell.

Additionally, the University awards Half Rose and Full Rose accolades to those who have represented their country. A University Half Rose was given to second year rugby league captain Tom Lever for his achievement in representing both England and Great Britain at student level. As well as continuing to develop with the University side, Lever has now set his sights on a place at the Student World Cup next August. The University Full Rose was awarded to Kimberley Simpson for representing the Scotland Senior B lacrosse team and she additionally received the Half Rose for representing the Scottish side at Under-21 level.

This left three awards remaining,

the first of which is given to the best performing team of the year based on their progression in BUSA competition. This year the award was shared between three teams, with women’s table tennis, karate and the women’s novice VIII rowers sharing the award between them. Rowing Captain Emily O’Keefe said: “The crew’s dedication throughout the year has been reflected in our successes. We trained nine times a week throughout the winter and six times a week during the summer. Because of our prolonged hard work we really felt we deserved this award and are extremely happy. This isn’t just a hobby for us, our lives revolve around the Club.”

Next to be given out was the President’s Award, decided on the basis of the team’s relationship with the AU Executive and overall conduct, as well as their on the field progression. The winners were the women’s rugby union team, with club President Hannah Cole saying that the award came as a “recognition of a lot of hard work”. She added that it was good for a relatively small club with the Union to be recognised for their efforts and that the “long hours of travel to faraway places” had been a contributory factor in their close relationship with the AU Executive.

The final award was Club of the Year, which went to Women’s Hockey just two years after their male counterparts won the award. This recognition is a fantastic moment for a club who had been going through a difficult period but are now one of the strongest and largest at Lancaster. An impressive speech at the AGM resulted in them winning the award by just one vote in a ballot of AU clubs.

When SCAN asked senior players Hannah Bowden and Fran O’Neill how they felt about receiving this most prestigious of awards they told us: “200% Boom Time. This year we’ve been so pleased with what we’ve achieved. Last year we said was our building year and we finished 3rd. This year was to be our success year and we won

the league. A special mention must go to our excellent captain Lois Nightingale. We just hope we can have as much success next year!”



Kimberley Simpson, awarded a Full Rose



Tom Lever, awarded a Half Rose

The Big Debate: Can England retain the Rugby World Cup?

Absolutely not, Scotland have a better chance

With a bit of luck, they can definitely do it

Ian Waterhouse
Sports Editor

It may come as a shock to some of you to learn that England are in fact the reigning world champions.

Being an old so-and-so, I was actually at University on the fateful November day when Jonny Wilkinson's boot guided the English to victory. However, as I had consumed a few too many shandies during the previous evening and it was a morning kick-off, I missed it. Thus my blushes, as a Scotsman in England, were spared.

Come 20th October this year, it will be different. In the four Six Nations Championships held since the last World Cup, England have failed to win any. Indeed, they have lost on at least one occasion to every other country bar Italy. France, on the other hand, have claimed three of the last four Championships

— with only the Welsh triumph in 2005 breaking their recent total dominance — and will enjoy home advantage at the World Cup.

Other contenders will arrive from the Southern Hemisphere, with the established trio of Australia, South Africa and New Zealand being backed up by the emerging force of Argentina — who triumphed on English soil last year and currently sit above England in the IRB Rankings. Within only the last month, England have lost twice to the Springboks, including a particularly galling 55-22 reverse in Pretoria when they had led at half-time.

I would even contend that Scotland have a greater chance of victory than England. Having defeated the world champions when they last met at Murrayfield, Scotland should have little trouble in disposing of a New Zealand side — supposedly inferior in stature — on the same turf. The Scots will also enjoy home advantage in their pool

game against Romania, whilst England must play each of the matches in France due to the vagaries of the planning system.

A likely defeat to South Africa in the pool section will then leave England facing a rematch with Australia in the quarter-finals, where the Aussies will surely exact revenge for the narrowest of defeats four years previously.

England's involvement will thus end a full two weeks before the conclusion of the tournament, following a path already well trodden by the nation's footballers. In the end, New Zealand will recover from their Murrayfield defeat to win the tournament — and at least one of my predictions for 2007 will finally come to pass.

Gav Smillie
Deputy Sports Editor

After a substandard Six Nations, I admit it is hard to be optimistic about the forthcoming World Cup.

Before England faced Wales and France on 11th and 17th March, players returned to play for their respective club sides. "We were the only country in the Six Nations whose players went off to play club games," said England coach Malcolm Ashton.

"We're victims of the system and it's pretty distracting when they're pulled from Twickenham to their clubs. We've now got three months when they don't have to think about anything else. That's a massive

benefit."

After the plague of injuries over the last few months, there has been some big news — about 6ft 4in and 19st of it to be precise.

Sale Sharks' England prop Andrew Sheridan has recovered from a knee injury and will be taking part in Sale's pre-season training which begins next Monday. Sheridan's timing could not be better, because two days later on Wednesday, Ashton is due to name a 40-man training squad and it is highly unlikely that the giant loosehead, widely regarded as one of the best, will be overlooked.

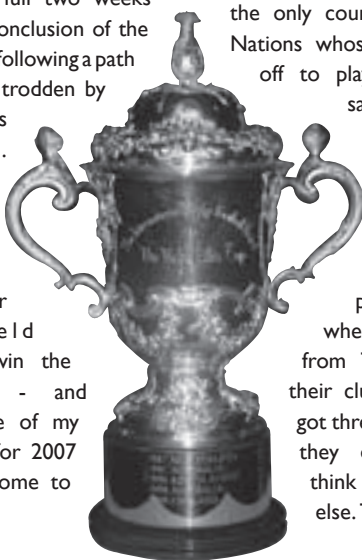
There is also a chance that Jason Robinson — generally reckoned to be one of the five "definites" in Ashton's World Cup XV could still be involved in the tournament. Robinson will have a minor clear-out operation on his right knee on Tuesday and if all goes well then England's top try scorer in this year's Six Nations will be included. Despite his advancing years he is pivotal

to England's success this year.

Amazingly, after the apparently constant disruption since the World Cup in November 2003, only three players — scrum-half Harry Ellis, No 8 James Forrester and prop Tim Payne — are definite lost causes, and only Ellis of these would be considered a first choice.

The World Cup is being hosted by France this year which is a massive advantage for all the Northern Hemisphere teams. With very cheap flights to our European neighbour, the Barmy Army will be out in force to make a sixteenth man. As with most sports the weather is going to be a determining factor. The heat and humidity in the Southern Hemisphere usually leads to instant fatigue for our players. A European September will obviously count in our favour.

With these reasons and a slap dash bit of luck, why can't we retain the Webb-Ellis Trophy?




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Twice in two years for Bowland in Carter Shield

James Marengi
& Sue Wynes

The Carter Shield proved yet another close contest this year with two colleges going head to head to claim the title. The year didn't start off too successfully, with only a few colleges turning up to the earlier events, however



after Christmas the turnout picked up and produced some scintillating action.

The first event was **Tug of War**, which saw Bowland seal their first triumph of the year.

Pop Lacrosse followed but another low turnout didn't dampen the players' spirits. Fylde come out victorious even though one of their players left half a tooth worse off!

Aeroball is another entertaining sport. There are only five Aeroball courts in the country so we should feel lucky to be able to play. A closely fought final between Bowland and Fylde, saw the latter winning on the last point in the mixed doubles game.

Indoor Football featured some very talented individuals. Fylde fought off a very strong field to win the first football tournament of the season- their third Carter Shield event in a row.

For the **Badminton** even Graduate turned up and made it to the final, pushing Lonsdale all the way before eventually narrowly losing out.

Basketball ran over a couple of Sundays; a fast-paced competition starred many international students and Bowland came out on top for the second year in a row. Going into Christmas, they also led the overall standings, narrowly above Fylde, with Pendle a very credible third.

First up after Christmas was the **Korfball** competition; a mix between basketball and netball. Despite some confusion Fylde eventually won yet another event.

The **Men's Indoor Hockey** is best observed from the safety of the upper gallery! It was a very competitive event with a lot of experienced players getting involved and it was Pendle who proved too strong for Fylde in the final.

Table Tennis also proved to be a big strain on the most hardened of players with some matches so close there seemed to be an age before Bowland finally overcame Fylde's efforts.

Similar to the men although fiercer, Pendle dominated the **Women's Indoor Hockey** to retain the title

and do the double in the hockey tournaments.

The persistent rain, basketball nets stuck on the courts, more persistent rain and rogue badminton players all tried to prevent the **Netball** competition from going ahead, however the girls were not to be deterred, Cartmel claiming their first title of the year.

All 9 colleges played in the first couple of weeks of the **Squash** competition, but ultimately the longevity of the tournament was too much for some, gifting Pendle another success.

The number of overs had to be drastically reduced in the **Indoor Cricket**. As it was the semi-finals and final had to be postponed but on the second Sunday it was Lonsdale who destroyed a solid Pendle outfit.

Women's 6-a-side Football took place on the Astroturf which meant howling winds and pouring rain but somehow spirits remained high. County battled through the conditions to beat Fylde 1-0 in the final. Fylde nevertheless lead the Carter Shield by 3 points, going into Easter, ensuring a thrilling finale.

Mirroring Wimbledon, rain stopped play on many occasions during the **Tennis**. Eventually though the league

was completed, with Fylde narrowly edging out Bowland. Unfortunately the **Rugby Sevens** didn't quite go to plan either with only 2 colleges completing the competition. Although not entirely to blame, the arrival of the travellers on the pitches didn't help. Bowland beat Grizedale in the only registered match.

The **Soccer Cup** allows uni players to represent their college team and a very strong County side ended up triumphant, hammering Lonsdale 6-0 on their way to victory. During the **Frisbee** the spirit of the game was instilled in those playing, making for a really good atmosphere, especially for Bowland who beat Fylde in another hugely important final.

Yet another Fylde and Bowland final occurred in the **Rounders** tournament. The great number of supporters produced one of the best atmospheres seen all year, coupled with a Fylde victory.

The final event of the year was **Flag Football**. Bowland entered with the knowledge that a semi final spot would suffice. However they managed to end the year in style beating a very strong County side in the final to claim the Carter Shield for the second year running.

A year in the life of the Athletic Union President

Dave Greenshields
Athletic Union President

As ever the sporting year at Lancaster has been an interesting one and a number of events have taken place that I would never have imagined possible when I took over from Mike at the end of June last year. Nevertheless, I firmly believe that this year has been a successful one for the AU, in our representative and recreational sports programmes and at a political level.

Where have we succeeded? In a political sense progress has been made on a number of levels, both within the institution and on a national level. After years of hard work from past AU Presidents and the Union to ensure that sport is recognised as a key contributing factor at Lancaster, a Strategy for Sport has been written and is in the process of being approved by the relevant bodies.

I hope that this document will be a living and breathing work that ensures the spirit of co-operation between the University and the AU continues and bears fruit. The Sports Centre Project continues to roll on and although progress has perhaps been a little slower than we would have liked, we have worked tirelessly all year. It has been said on a number of occasions in

the office but I'd far rather the Centre was six months late and perfect than ready for the start of next year and not very good at all. Four football pitches have been successfully drained and the project will hopefully continue at a pace over the next eighteen months to ensure that the facilities here at Lancaster meet the needs of our students.

On the pitches we have had another successful season, both in BUSA and in the Inter College Leagues. Congratulations to Men's Tennis 1st and 2nd teams, Women's Hockey 1st and 2nd and Women's Volleyball who all won their BUSA Conference leagues. We also had 17 teams reach the knockout stages of their respective tier, three more than last year, and I'd like to think that this is a sign of real progress from the Clubs here at Lancaster. In the alternative BUSA structures a number of our teams progressed well.

Special praise should be reserved for our Women's Table Tennis team, the Canoe White Water team and our Women's Novice 8 rowers, who performed admirably in their respective competitions. In the overall BUSA rankings we have jumped four places, however we scored enough points to be at least another six places higher but changes in regulations concerning walkovers punished us somewhat.

Once again the Inter College sports programme has provided a great

opportunity for a range of people to immerse themselves in competition. Congratulations to Bowland who won the Carter Shield and to Fylde, who put up a tremendous fight to claim what, in my first year at least, was seen as 'their' trophy. As a Furnessian, I can hardly say that I am sorry to see Fylde lose however. The next year will be an interesting one for Inter College sport and I can only hope that the enthusiasm and hard work that has been put into the review and renewal of the competitions bears fruit and that the intensity levels are maintained by all those involved.

Inevitably, an AU President's year will be judged on Roses. I am not afraid to accept that this year's Roses was a failure; we set out to win and we did not reach that objective. However, there were a range of positives to be taken from the experience. Rugby Union's men's and women's teams came within a whisker of repeating last year's whitewash, Rugby League ran out 70-4 winners, Ultimate Frisbee defeated the opposition despite being the underdog and our Men's Senior 8 won to name but a few. Winning at York is not impossible and if this AU can maintain the attitude and intensity we took to York this year, perhaps 2009 could be the year the tide is finally turned. I was, and still am, incredibly proud of the efforts that each and every Club put in over the weekend and, despite defeat, Roses '07 will live long in my memory as one of the best

experiences of my life.

Other events this year that stand out in my mind include the various road trips embarked on with a number of clubs, Badminton Men's 1st to Keele on the day when literally everything went wrong and the marathon minibus ride with Women's Rugby are particularly prominent. The visitors on the rugby pitches will, I'm sure, be remembered for some time, I just hope that my year as AU President is remembered for something else!

Thank you to everyone who has made this year the unbelievable experience it has been, I'll miss you all and wish you all the best next year.

Good luck to James, I've got every faith that he'll continue the good work of the past few years and take Lancaster forward.



Photo by Jen Dugdale



AWARDS HONOUR OUR FINEST

IAN WATERHOUSE REPORTS FROM
THE ATHLETIC UNION AWARDS 2007

Ian Waterhouse
Sports Editor

The Athletic Union Annual Awards, held last Wednesday, saw Lancaster University's finest sportsmen and women reap the richly deserved rewards for their efforts of the past twelve months. Faraday Lecture Theatre may not have provided the grandest setting, but this was more than made up for by the pomp and prestige surrounding the many awards bequeathed to their grateful recipients.

As well as awards for Team of the Year and AU President's Team of the Year, there were also

trophies for each of the individual disciplines that go together to make up both the Carter Shield and George Wyatt tournaments. The AU President himself, Dave Greenshields, accurately summed up the tenor of the occasion with his observation that the awards were equally deserved by all, whether "for dominoes, or for representing your country".

Proceedings got underway with a montage of photographs from the past year, featuring all aspects of sport at Lancaster with the inclusion – much to the amusement of the gathered audience – of shots of the travelling community who occupied the rugby pitches for a short time last month. Following a short initial address by Mr. Greenshields, inter-college chairs Sue Wynes and James Marengi then spoke of their years in office.

Wynes acknowledged that initial difficulties had occurred in the organisation of inter-college events, but maintained that the "colleges had come together and worked really hard". Marengi then echoed the sentiments of his fellow chair, although his claim that the inter-college netball league had "run as smoothly as ever" may have come as somewhat of a surprise to those who were forced to wait for a term whilst umpires had to be trained to take the matches.

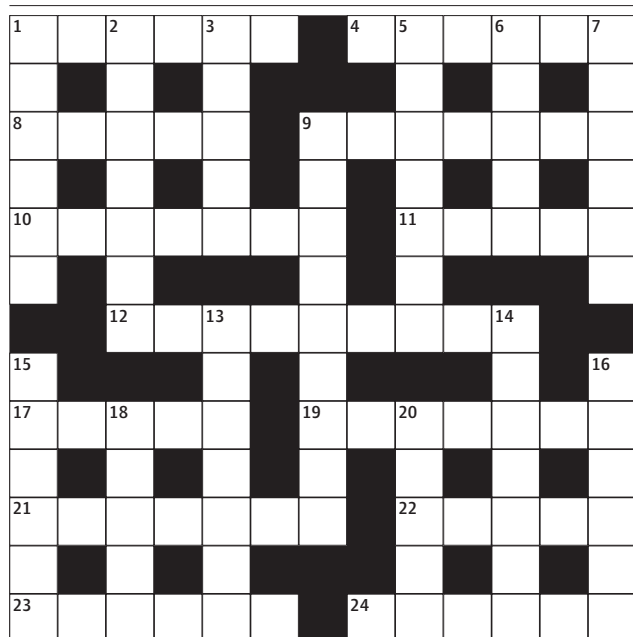
Sports Centre Director Kim Montgomery was then invited to take the stage and gave a speech in which she stressed the importance of the Sports & Recreation Strategy – currently being developed jointly by the Sports Centre and the Athletic Union. She stated her belief that the University had been falling behind its competitors, but hinted that this gap could be set to close in the future with the first major investment in facilities "since the early eighties".

Following on from the presentation of the awards, closing addresses were given by both Sports Co-ordinator Caroline Jenkinson and Dave Greenshields. Both spoke of their hopes for the coming year, with the latter urging against complacency in the push to "make sport in Lancaster what it should be."

For full details of the awards, see page 29.

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Quick crossword no. 11,354



Across

- 1 Fight against (6)
- 4 Carve (into artistic form) (6)
- 8 Necessary for life (5)
- 9 Farm vehicle (7)
- 10 Realm (7)
- 11 Very pale (5)
- 12 Integral part (9)
- 17 (Starlike) flower (5)
- 19 Hard to deal with (7)
- 21 Nation (7)
- 22 Passageway between seats (5)
- 23 Probable (6)
- 24 Recluse (6)

Down

- 1 Annul (6)
- 2 Devilish (7)
- 3 Dish of raw vegetables (5)
- 5 Absurd pretence (7)
- 6 Light door lock (5)
- 7 Crowd (6)
- 9 For a short period only (9)
- 13 Relating to union of husband and wife (7)

- 14 Cross-member of boat or window (7)
- 15 Annul (6)
- 16 Coming (of Christmas) (6)
- 18 Main stem of tree (5)
- 20 Jack – rogue (5)

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